

The Negro and the Stage—By Bob Cole

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THE NEGRO RACE.



CLARA B. HALL,
Madison, Wis. See page 307.

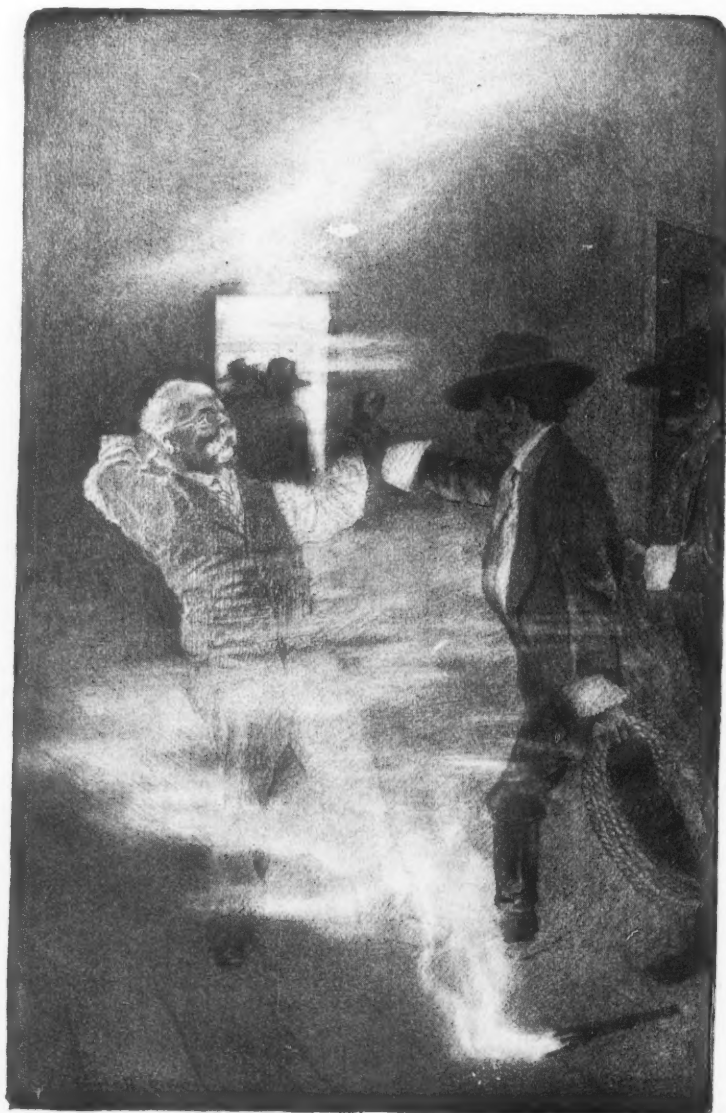
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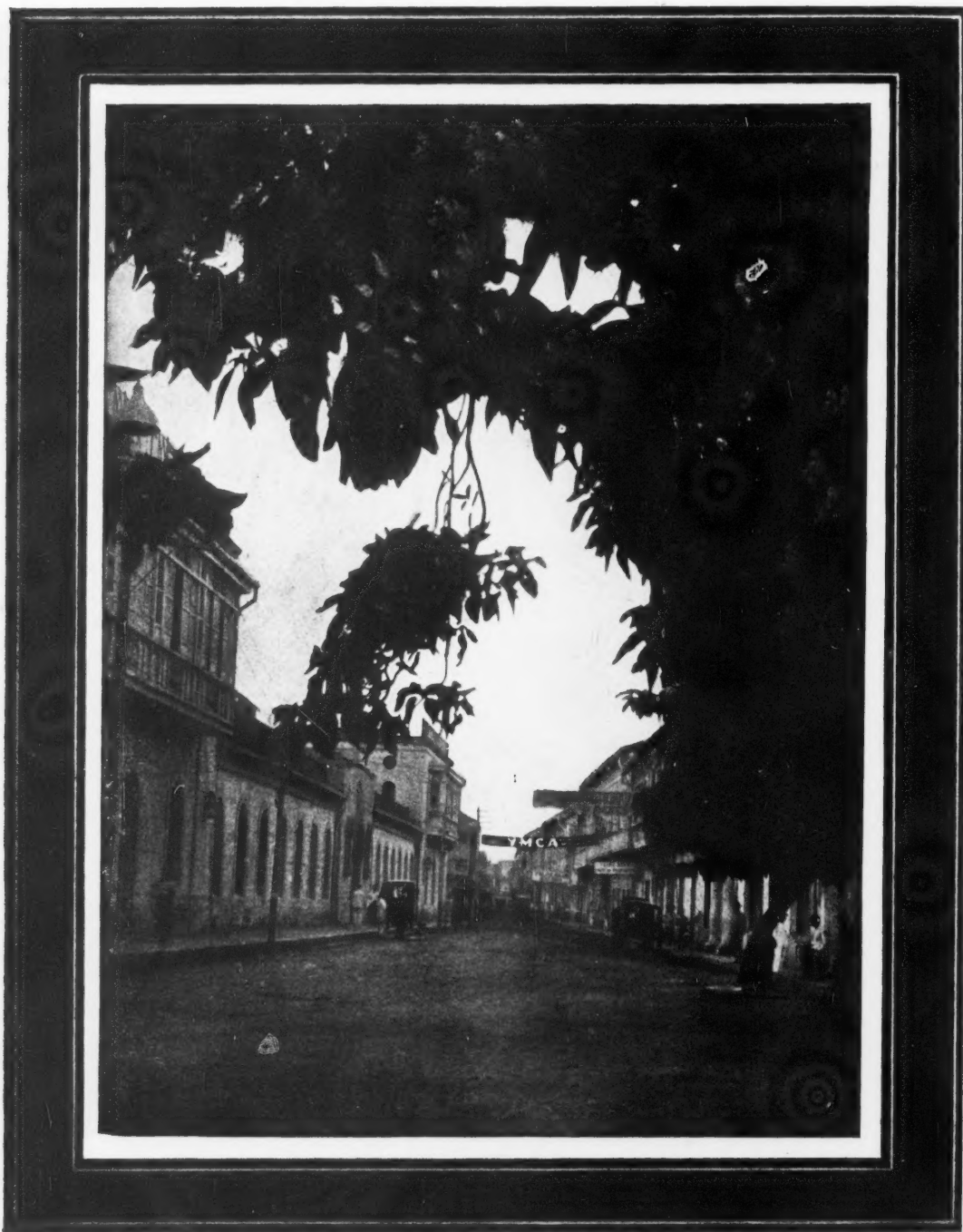
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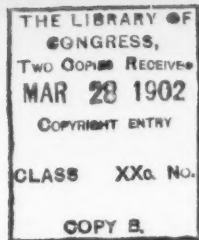
"Broke open the doors, seized my father, and hung him to the nearest tree."

The above picture is from the book "Contending Forces," and shows the high quality of illustration in this fascinating volume. This book is by the same author as "Hagar's Daughter."

BE SURE AND READ IT.



A SCENE WITHIN THE WALLED CITY OF MANILA—THE Y. M. C. A. IN THE DISTANCE.
See page 267.



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1902.

No. 4

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS;

OR,

OPPORTUNITIES FOR COLORED AMERICANS IN THE FAR EAST.

RIENZI B. LEMUS,
Company K, 25th Infantry.

This beautiful group of islands, which has brought America so prominently before the world, and which has so developed her resources, was discovered by that world-famed navigator of his time, Magellan, in 1521.

It was on a beautiful Sunday morning that Magellan, fresh from his discoveries in the New World, set foot on the island of Mindanao, and the Jesuits with him baptized the natives, thereby causing a strong friendship between them, so that the natives readily recognized the sovereignty of the King of Spain.

The natives of Cebu, where Magellan subsequently journeyed, became engaged in war with the natives of another island, and it was in this campaign that Magellan was killed, while leading an army in behalf of the Cebuans. A monument to this enterprising leader now stands on the left hand of the Pasig river at Manila.

This group of islands occupies the most northern portion of Oceanica and is composed of about fourteen hundred islands large and small.

Luzon, which is the most northerly, is

the largest. The central group is called the Visayas (Br-sy'-as), comprising the islands of Panay, Cebu, Mindanao, and many others of less importance.

The southern group comprises the Sulu archipelago, and is ruled over by a Sultan, with whom General Bates made a treaty in 1889.

The climate throughout the islands is mild and healthy, and there are no epidemics peculiarly adapted to this section. Fever, small-pox, and such contagious diseases as leprosy being the most common. Small-pox is much easier controlled than in America, as even in cases of Americans, seven out of ten recover.

There are two distinct seasons, the dry from October to May, the rainy from May to October. It is quite cool during the early part of the dry season from November to January. March and April are the hottest months of the year. It is generally understood by Americans that this is an exceedingly hot country throughout all the year, but such is not the case.

During the cool season, from November to January, it is very unpleasant to

be without heavy clothing, especially on the coast, and here in Zambales on the west coast, we do our guard duty in overcoats, and always sleep under two blankets. Up in the higher mountain regions of Benguet province, it is very cool the year round; and the climate in that locality is so delightful that the government has decided to erect a sanitarium there.

The country is very mountainous and mountain chains extend completely around the coast. The lowlands are drained by swift rivers whose sources are in the mountains, thereby making the land very fertile, and agricultural pursuits are extensively followed. Rice is one of the staple products, and indigo, hemp, tobacco, cotton, and vegetables common to America are grown. Fruits are not cultivated as extensively as one would imagine nor as they should be.

The principal export products are hemp, indigo, colva (similar to hemp), and sugar. Rice is raised in large quantities, but the home consumption demands the total crop. Fish of various kinds abound in the numerous rivers and lakes and even in the rice fields during the rainy season, thus constituting a valuable addition to rice as the principal food.

The mountains abound in rich forests, game and minerals, although as yet almost totally undeveloped. In the many trips which the soldiers have made in running down insurgents, they have spent all leisure moments in examining the numerous forests and commenting on their great value and wondering how long a time will pass before these wonderful forests are developed.

There are many lakes of various sizes, the largest being Laguna de Bay (Bay Lake), which is navigable its entire distance, being a highway to the provinces. The insurgents operated on this lake in large numbers, and it was found necessary to place small gunboats upon it, which boats have done excellent work. The lake is connected with Manila by the Pasig river.

Among the most noted mountains of Luzon is Mount Arrayat, in Pampanga

province. It appears very conspicuous, owing to the fact that it arises abruptly from the surrounding country to a height of more than two thousand feet. It was in this mountain that the 25th Infantry had its great fight in January, 1900, rescuing American prisoners, three of whom were butchered by the insurgents on the American approach, all subsequently dying of their wounds. This mountain has been often styled "The Guide Post of North Luzon."

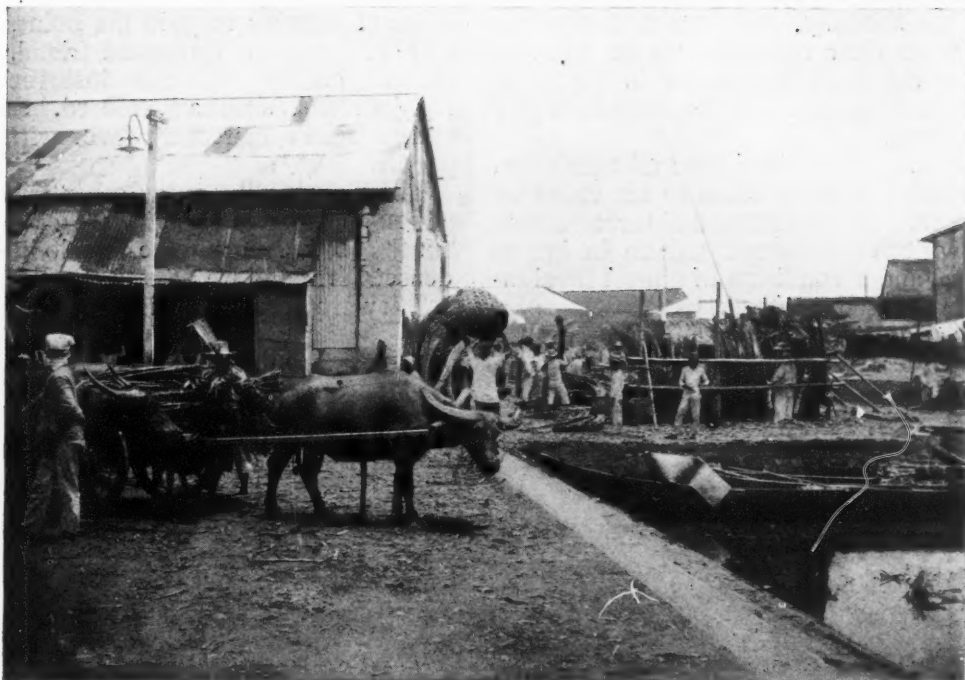
The early settlers of these islands from Spain had their troubles. The Chinese attempted to land, but were driven off, and retired to the west coast, where they were again repulsed. Finally being defeated in a regular pitched battle, they left the islands forever.

In 1529 the walls of the city of Manila were built, and they are yet standing in a fair state of preservation. Could these stones talk they would tell of incidents occurring within their bounds which no writer could or would picture, not even in fiction.

Matters in general in the islands went on fairly well until the English occupation, which did not last long, and aside from abusing and keeping the masses in utter ignorance, the Spaniards had no trouble with the natives until the insurrection of 1896.

The population of these islands is about nine and a half millions, divided among the following tribes: Tagalo, Ilocano, Visayan, Igorrote, and Negrito, all offsprings of the Malay. While the Negrito was the original tribe countless intermingling of Chinese and others have produced all the other tribes, making the pure Negrito almost extinct and driving the remaining few to the fastnesses of the mountains, where they remain in perfect contentment, cultivating the best gardens anywhere to be found, as long as they are not molested by other tribes, which is not infrequent.

The Tagalo is the leading race, as they inhabit the provinces closest to Manila and have therefore always had the advantages of education, culture and refinement. Among this race may be found the most genteel and refined per-



LANDING SUGAR-CANE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Showing the crude manner in which one of the leading commercial products is handled.



GOVERNMENT FORAGE FOR THE HORSES, ETC.

Showing the enormous quantities in which the government purchases its supplies.

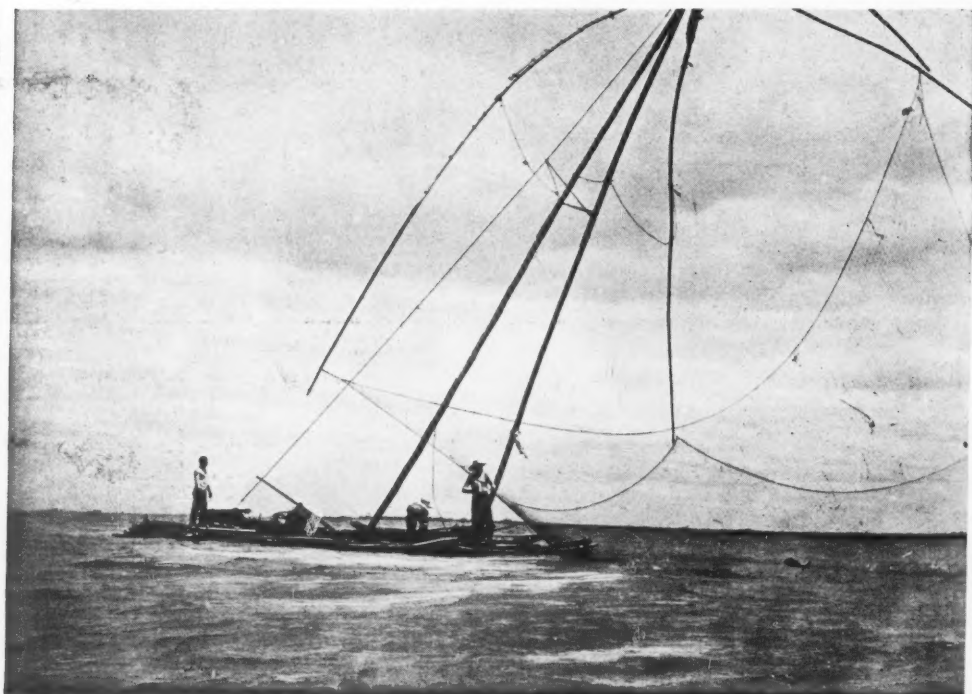
sons of the day, but this class is greatly in the minority, and how well the rest take to their training may be gleaned from the ungodly manner in which he takes advantage of his less fortunate brethren.

He leads and instigates all rebellions, inciting the other tribes to his cause by superstitious teachings and threatenings. He glories in keeping them in ignorance, and a condition of almost involuntary servitude existed.

bears watching, despite his oaths. He stops at nothing to gain his point, and will even murder his dearest friend. At the beginning of the insurrection, Aguinalda had Luna murdered, because of the latter's increasing favor with the people.

The Tagalo, like every other tribe or nation, has its good and its bad elements but the above sums up the Tagalo in condensed form and we pass to the Ilocano.

They are very industrious, fairly intel-



NATIVES FISHING NEAR MANILA.

A profitable occupation, fish being a staple food product.

The poorer classes are taught to respect the wealthy, even more than the strict army discipline requires us to respect our officers. If a native sees an aristocrat approaching he arises and salutes.

A most pitiful condition of ignorance exists among the masses throughout the islands. The intelligent native is, however, up to date, and has just what the European has, and speaks good English.

He is of small stature, being below average size; light complexion and straight black hair; has keen eyes, and

ligent, good farmers, and above all are possessed of a high moral sense which at times becomes manifest, despite the Tagalos' oppression. The Ilocanos inhabit the provinces of the west coast of Luzon, and that coast is in a fair state of cultivation through their efforts.

His sentiments have always inclined towards peace, and they became especially manifest during the beginning of the guerilla warfare, when he absolutely refused to support the forces of north Luzon.

He is the shining light of the citizen-

ship of the "New Philippines," and will prove a blessing to his countrymen. This tribe is larger in stature than the Tagalo, being of average build, dark olive complexion, straight, coarse hair, and very muscular.

The Visayan tribe are inhabitants of the Visayas, and as we are writing from practical experience we will pass to the Mestizo and Macabebe in his stead. The former is of very light complexion, being the result of Chinese, Spanish and native

The Igorrote is a dark race, similar to the Negrito, but more intelligent. He inhabits the province of Benguet, which was the first province to get civil government. He is larger than the Negrito and spends his time hunting and fishing.

Excepting the Negrito, the customs of the tribes are one and the same. The women, rich and poor, high and low, are all inveterate smokers. If there are no cigarettes handy they will smoke a cigar as readily, and when attending a wed-



SHIPPING SUGAR BY WATER FROM THE INTERIOR TO MANILA.

A scene on Laguna de Bay, a highway to the provinces from Manila.

intermingling. His hair is straight and soft, and, as a rule, he is more or less handsome in appearance.

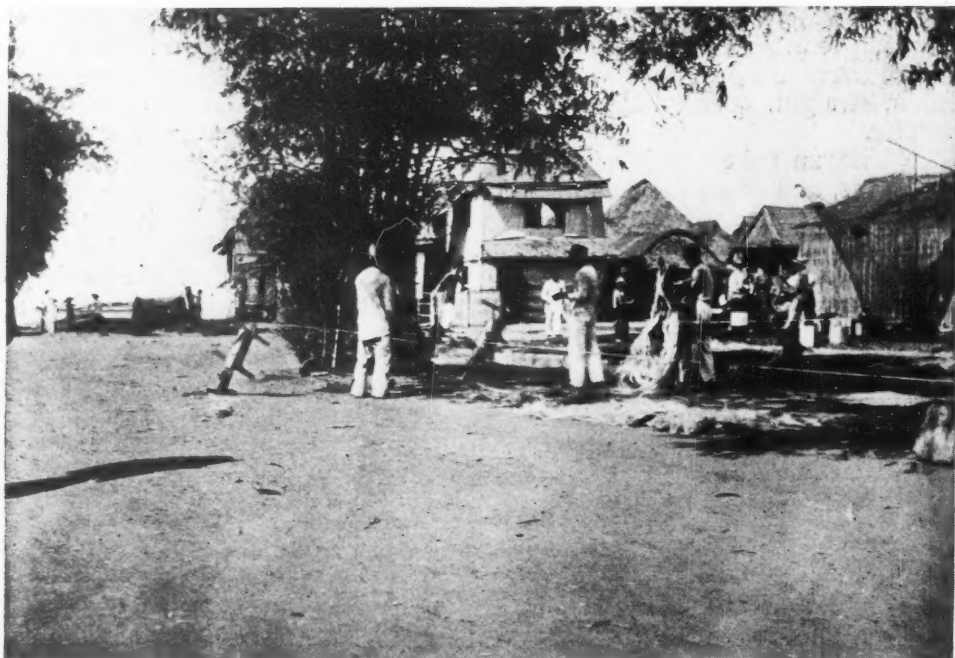
The Macabebe, like the Negrito, is becoming almost extinct owing to his siding with the Spaniards. He is of large stature, dark-brown complexion, and, like the Ilocano, very muscular. Most of the men are, or have been, soldiers in our service, being an organized body under Major Batson, U. S. V., known as the Philippine Cavalry, and as such they have given excellent service and proved themselves courageous fighters.

ding or reception they smoke just the same.

Their marriages are somewhat of a puzzle, as there is a law somewhat similar to our common law marriage, the real ceremony being solemnized by a priest.

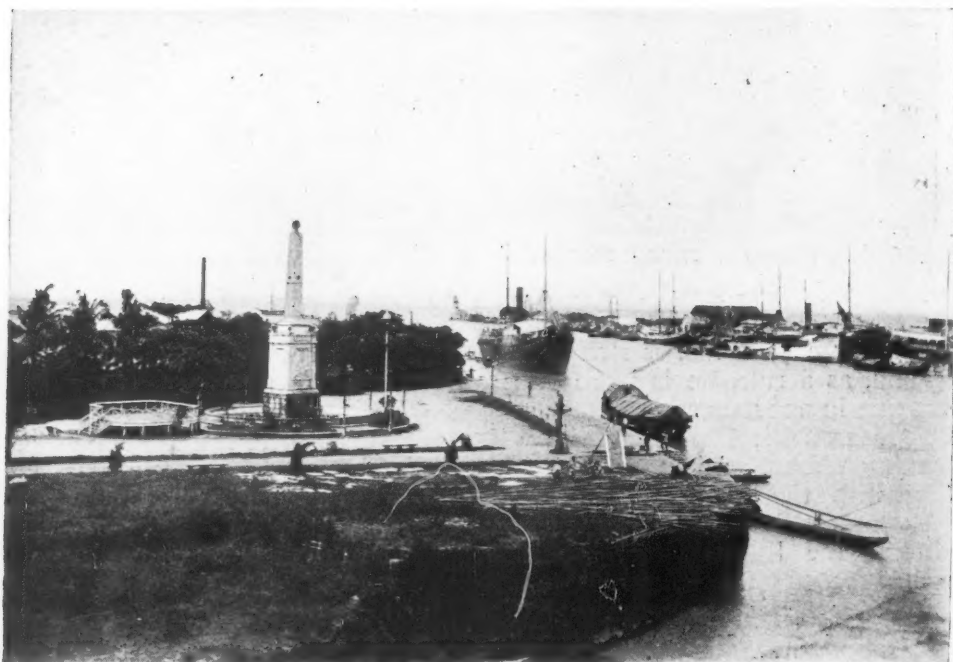
The men and women perform the labor in the fields, but when they have a load the women always carry it on their heads while the man trots lazily behind, caressing the feathers of a game cock, his heart's delight.

Gambling of all sorts is freely indulged in, but cock fighting is the prin-



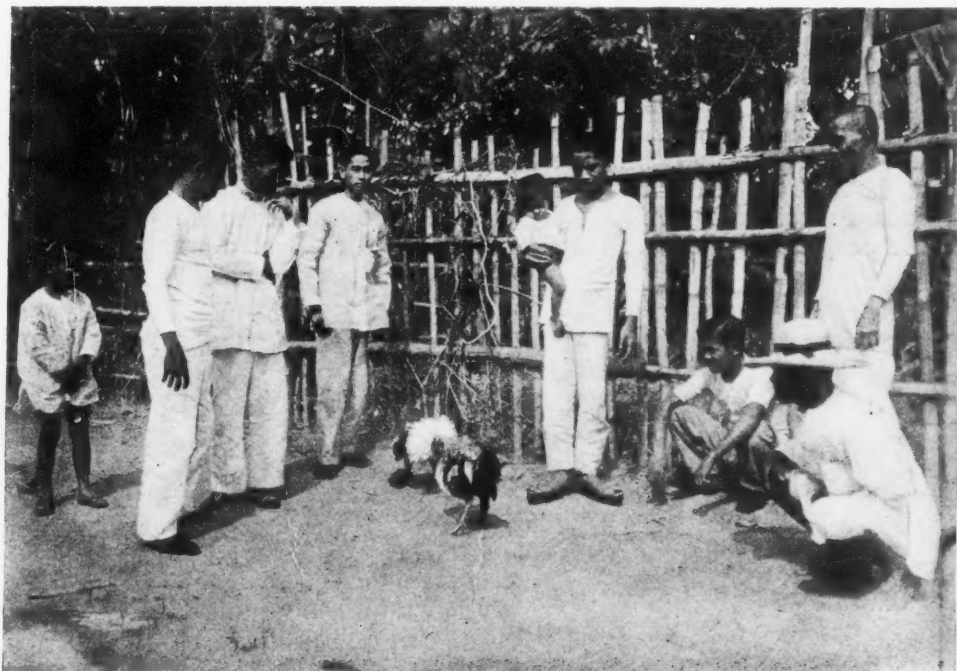
THE TONDO ROPEWALK.

Showing the natives weaving hemp into rope. It was this district that was burned by the insurgents during the outbreak, Feb. 22, 1899.



A VIEW OF THE ANDA MONUMENT AND THE LOWER PASIG.

It is from this point that all troops returning home embark. Manila Bay is seen in the distance.



THE NATIONAL PASTIME.

Cock-fighting is the same to the Filipino that foot-ball is to the American.



A TYPICAL NATIVE SHACK.

Showing the average construction of several interior towns.

cial sport. At this they are experts, and many an American who has attempted to follow, has left them a sadder but wiser man.

The prevailing religion is Roman Catholic excepting with the inhabitants of the Sulu archipelago, who are Mohammedans. The different orders, Dominicans, Franciscans, etc., have always had the people completely at their mer-

to the church. For ages the poor native has been taught these facts as truth, and even now it is hard to convince him of their injustice.

These and many other instances of a like nature caused a revolt, under the leadership of Emilio Aguinaldo, a clerk in the navy yard at Cavite. At first they did not make much headway, but in 1897, Dr. Rizal, a prominent young Fil-



LOOKING OVER NEW MANILA FROM THE BRIDGE OF SPAIN.

cy. The friars who were in charge were bitterly hated by the people and Aguinaldo always urged the confiscation of church property.

These friars were the preachers, doctors, judges, lawyers, and in fact rulers of the parish in which they lived. They were not subject to trial for offences committed, except in extreme cases, and then were never severely punished.

The support the friars received drained the country of its products, inasmuch as they seized all the property they wished, and made the owners pay taxes

ipino author and poet, was shot at the instigation of the friars, owing to his writings about them. It is said they so far forgot their holy calling as to jubilate when the body fell.

The insurgents then started anew, and carried their campaign up to the very doors of Manila, until Admiral Dewey arrived in Manila Bay in May, 1898, and the rest is well known, as it has become a part of the world's history.

The inhabitants of the most southerly group, the Sulu archipelago, are Mohammedans, and are ruled over by a Sul-

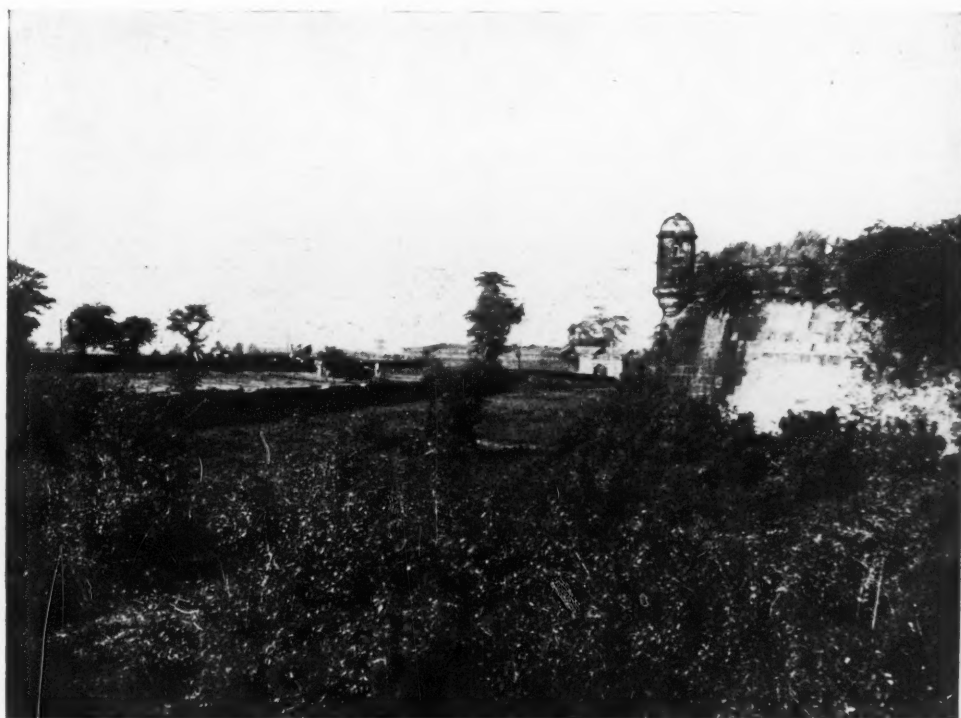
tan, with whom General Bates made a treaty in 1891. So far they have given the army no trouble, and seem to be perfectly satisfied.

The cities of the archipelago are picturesque and numerous and all, or nearly all, have their plazas and churches, and these are usually the centers of the respective cities.

Manila is the capital, the metropolis,

uated on the right bank of the Pasig river, and the walls inclosing it are full of dungeons, where many a poor victim of Spanish tyranny met his death.

New Manila, on the left of the Pasig, is the result of a consolidation of many suburbs, which were founded many years ago, each expanding until their corporate limits met. There are several of these, among them Tondo, which was



AN ANGLE IN THE WALL, WHICH SURROUNDS "OLD MANILA."

and the principal port. It is a beautiful city, situated on the east of Manila bay, twenty-nine miles from the China Sea, whose breezes make it very pleasant in the afternoon, on the Luneta, which is Manila's pleasure ground, bordering on the bay.

The city is divided into two parts, old and new Manila. The former is known as the walled city. Here are located the Governor General's palace, the cathedral and the heads of all government and ecclesiastical departments, and several large private buildings. The city is sit-

uated on the right bank of the Pasig river, and the walls inclosing it are full of dungeons, where many a poor victim of Spanish tyranny met his death.

New Manila is the home of the city's commercial enterprises, and all the amusements, hotel accommodations, etc., common to this section.

Its streets are narrow but clean, and with the low houses surrounded by beautiful palms, present an imposing spectacle.

The city's development has improved one thousand per cent. since American

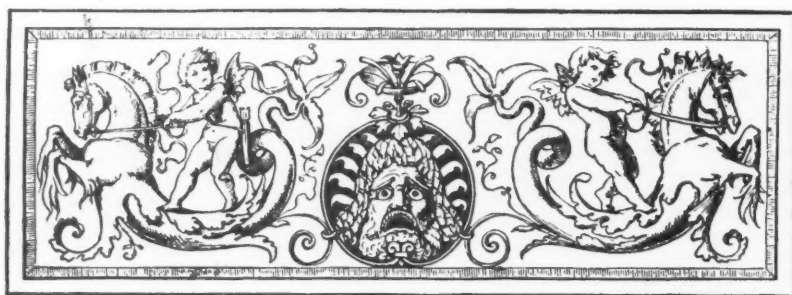
occupation. The streets have been widened, driveways repaired, the sanitary and water systems perfected, and excellent hotel and amusement accommodations provided, for the constantly increasing European and American population. These, together with its rapidly increasing commerce, make it one of the leading cities of the Orient.

The harbor is large, but not deep enough to admit the largest vessels entering. They are compelled to anchor from one and one-half to three miles out, and an excellent system of lighters are maintained to do the rest. The telegraph, postal and other facilities are excellent under the circumstances. The civil commission have passed several im-

portant measures for the improvement of the city.

Iloilo, the chief city of the Isle of Panay, has a large harbor and is the seat of an extensive commerce. Cebu, in the islands of Cebu, has an excellent harbor and an extensive commerce is carried on in hemp.

There are many other large and beautiful cities and towns too numerous to mention. Whenever a tourist steps off the lighter at the dock in Manila he is certain to be surprised, as everything is so different from the general reports sent out. He will undoubtedly say, "The Americans did not take such a bad step after all."



GREATNESS.

JAMES D. CORROTHERS.

How long it takes the world to understand.

Like restless waves the great years come and go,

And toss us, in their heavings, to and fro,

Like seaweed; 'till some mighty, helping hand,

In mercy, draws us, struggling to the land,

Then mortals shout, with eyes and cheeks aglow,

"What a great man is Mr. So-and-So!"

Some who miss life's glittering, silver strand

Sink down, and are forgotten in men's mirth,

'Till, thro' Time's waters, gleam their lives like pearls

Too precious to become a sinful world's.

Men, dimly seeing, will, amazed, stand

And muse, beholding all the wondrous worth

GENERAL DODDS AND THE CONQUEST OF DAHOMEY.

S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE.

The Kingdom of Dahomy was founded by every mean, low device known to man, and a more barbarous and cruel

the last absolute monarch Dahomey will ever have.

From the foundation of the kingdom to the death of Aho, he had more than trebled his territory, and that with very little loss of life on his side. At his death he left a command for his successor to continue the work he had so nobly begun. But Dkaba, his successor, was indolent and extremely lazy, and did not succeed in carrying it on as successfully as his predecessor. On this account the chiefs held a palava and after long deliberation it was decided to have him poisoned by one of his own house-



A TYPICAL NATIVE OF DAHOMEY.

oligarchy never existed. From the year 1865 until 1893, it was a constant field of murder, rapine and incendiarism, with religious fanaticism so horrible that the real truth has been much questioned by the western world.

In order that we may all understand more thoroughly the people, and questions that led to this last conquest by General Dodds, it is essential to cite a few historical episodes of the past. The first Dahomian Kingdom was ruled by Aho, who declared that he would make them the most famous warrior nation on the earth, and swore that he would have as servants and slaves all of the other kings, princes and noblemen of the dark continent. The work begun by him was carried on by his successors, Dkaba, Dgodja, Tegboesson, Mpengla, Dgongliou, Adonozan, Guezon and Gle Gle, the Great, Gloedosse and Benhazin, who was



NATIVE WOMAN—DAHOMEY.

hold. He was succeeded by his nephew, Dgodja, in 1878. Dgodja was the counterpart of Aho, and the chiefs rallied around him and cried out, "The

good old times have come again; we shall be greater than ever; our king is the only one on earth." He ordered them to thoroughly drill the troops, especially the Amazons that formed his body guard.

The country of the Andres, a neighboring tribe, was very rich, and as they supposed, would prove an easy prey.

and the land of the Andres was annexed to the kingdom.

After this there was no further desire to fight until the end of two years, when he felt that he would attack the King of Juda. He sent him a similar note to the one he sent the Andres. But the King of Juda was more decided in his ideas and cut off the ambassador's ears



KING BENHAZIN AND HIS FAMILY.

After due deliberation they decided to pillage it, but as no good excuse could be found to warrant such action on their part, they decided to send an ambassador, asking a concession that they felt sure would be refused. The ambassador received the answer expected, and the king ordered war to begin at once. They encountered most terrible resistance and had to fight, and fight hard, but fate kindly favored King Dgodja,

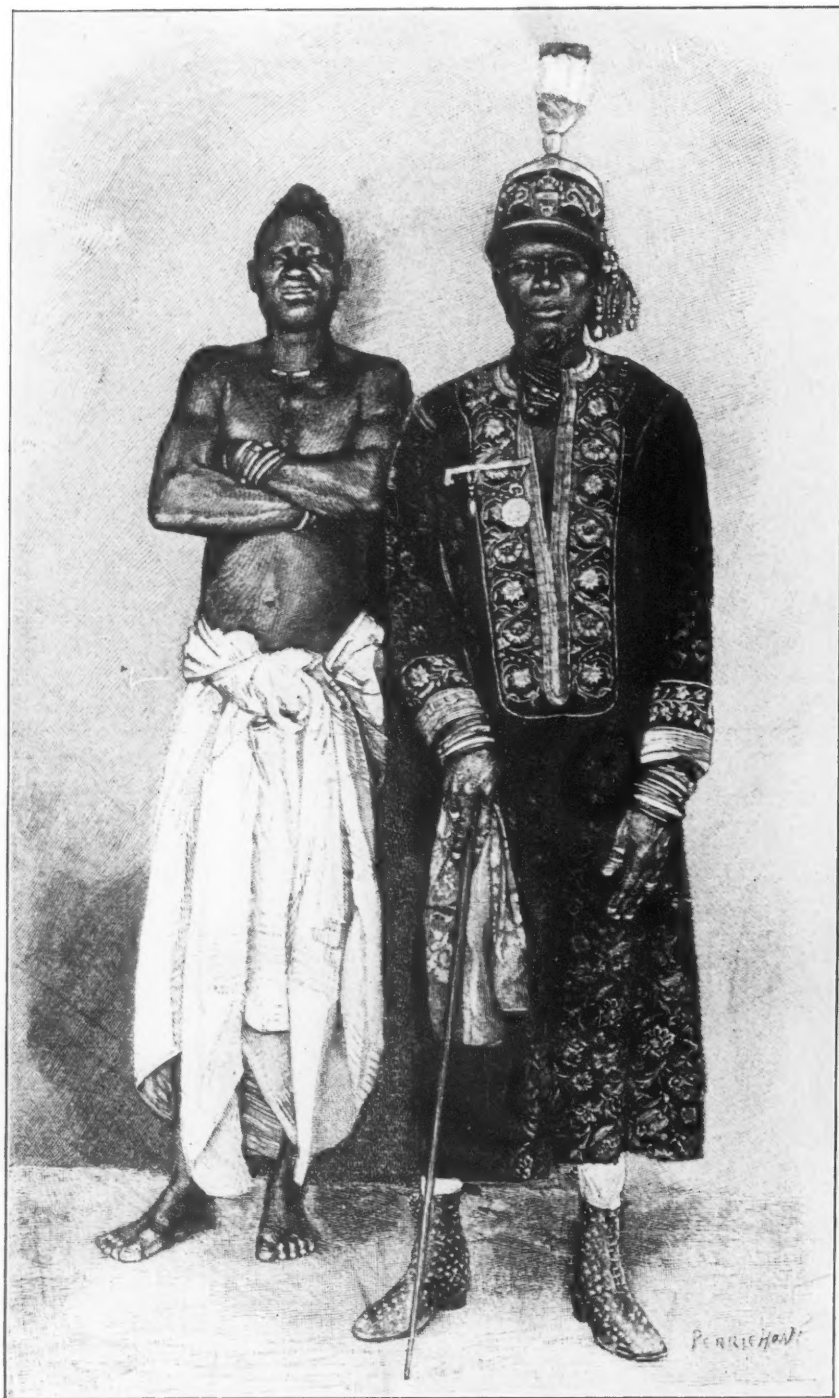
and head, and sent them back as his answer. This of course made it necessary to declare war on Juda, which was done. Djodja whipped them after a hard fight and added that land to his kingdom. We can easily imagine that old King Aho might have turned over in his grave at the end of this campaign, when he saw how successfully his nephew was carrying out his instructions.



VIEW OF A NATIVE HOME, DAHOMEY (EXTERIOR).



VIEW OF A NATIVE HOME, DAHOMEY (INTERIOR).



THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE KINGDOM OF DAHOMEY.

However, the joy of his successes finally killed Djodja, and as he was about giving orders for another expedition, he died, leaving Tegnousson, Mpengla and D'Agongbou all claimants for the vacant "stool" or throne. These three very nearly decimated the kingdom with their jealous rule. While they were wrangling between themselves, King Egos, a powerful monarch on the north, attacked them, and had he followed up his first successes, he would have made them all his slaves. As it was he imposed a heavy indemnity, which they finally agreed to pay, and this saved the "stool." After this they united and reorganized the army, and strengthened their position until they were able to regain most of their lost prestige.

But we must now speak of the relations between France and Dahomy and the facts that led up to "General Dodds' Conquest." The close relations between these two countries is of long duration. By an agreement in the year 1841, France stationed a resident consul at Whydah, and on the first of July, 1851, these close ties were celebrated by a treaty of friendship and commerce, by which the King of Dahomy assured France commercial liberty and protection throughout the Dahomian kingdom. He further agreed to preserve the integrity of the coast that had been ceded before this time. Thus affairs rested until 1861, when the Island of Lagos was ceded to the English. Then they tried to buy from the King of Porto-Novo, Sudji. He listened with much favor to their proposition and seemed inclined to accede to it, when the French officers interfered and England bombarded Sudji on the 23d of April, 1861.

Sudji asked French protection, and it was granted in February of the same year, and on May the 7th, following, a gunboat was stationed there to see to the fulfillment of the compact. The King of Dahomy also ceded the city of Katonou, together with the surrounding country. This was the only station that served as a port of entry to the new protectorate. As all of these agree-

ments had been made verbally, a visit was made by the captain of the ship, D'evaux Chef d'Major, Rear Admiral Lafont de Sadlebat and M. Dumas, the vice-consul of France for the territories of the slave or gold coast. A treaty was drafted, ratified and signed at Whydah on the 19th day of May, 1868. In this treaty the King of Dahomy expressed a desire to give proof of his friendship to his majesty, the Emperor, and to recognize the friendly relation which had always existed. Later the king sent his special royal Baton Bearer to the French resident general again granting Katonou to France. He also requested France to govern the city and build a fort, but the King of Dahomy, it was stipulated, was to receive all of the revenue on all the imports and exports of the territory in question. By this means the French had quite a foothold on Dahomian soil, having acquired Grand-Popo in 1857, Dgone and Petit-Popo in 1864, Porto-Novo in 1868. But she kept only Grand-Popo and Agone, and ceded the others to Germany for certain points on the south coast. On April 19, 1878, the king got into difficulty with England, and the French merchants did everything possible to degrade him in order to find a pretext to collect the revenues and also to keep them from attending human sacrifices, and to be exempt from all manual labor. The French sent a small garrison to occupy Katonou and Porto-Novo with a resident colonel of infantry commanding. Twice they had their rights contested by the English over Lagos, and when they found French opposition they forced a pass by the way of Lagos. The affair was put to arbitration, and France was awarded damages for her subjects. Ten years later Portugal tried to take Katonou, but when France presented her treaty they withdrew, and the whole world has acknowledged and recognized the rights of France to a protectorate over that part of Dahomy lying between Lagos and the German accession.

In 1887, Gle'Gle wrote to the French resident agent, saying that he refused to recognize the treaty of 1878, and de-

manded the immediate evacuation and renouncement of the right of occupation of the Katonou and Porto-Novo protectorates. The agent ignored the letter, and he threw his army on Porto-Novo, burned and pillaged their villages and devastated the entire surrounding country, killing hundreds and selling many as slaves to the Arabs and other neighboring tribes. Still the French government sat still and did nothing, while those that had sworn their allegiance to the tri-color were being murdered in the resident agent's capitol, and worse yet, sold into slavery without even an official protest.

Then Gle'Gle became bolder, elated by his successes, and ordered the French resident agent out and informed him if he was found there the next month when he returned that he would kill him and all of his associates. The citizens fled in hundreds and thousands to Lagos and begged protection from her majesty's government, which was accorded, and even King Toffa, although a French adherer, deserted his throne and asked protection by the English, and the French merchants were transported, bag and baggage, crying aloud, "Down with the tri-color, hurrah for the English Jack and the Queen."

Then the special administrator for the Gulf of Benin, Mr. Beekman, wrote to the chief of the Atlantic Fleet, asking him to send a ship to protect Porto-Novo, as it was in great danger of being burned by the king's Amazons. He said, "The commerce is lost and the merchants will lose millions if help is not sent at once. The country all around is pillaged, plantations ruined, the inhabitants sold to slavery, and most of our subjects have gone to Lagos to beg protection of the English government, because I can give them no protection, and only those remain who are not able to go away. The flag is compromised, and only a man-of-war can restore our lost confidence. Yesterday and today the merchants came in squads, begging me to send for protection for Porto-Novo." In response to this appeal the commander sent a company from the *Arethuse* and Le

Sane, who had a hard time restoring quiet and confidence, and the natives returned slowly back to Porto-Novo.

In the meanwhile Gle'Gle became more aggressive. He established a Dahomian court of justice on the French territory, and called out all of the French agents. He forced them to stand bare-headed in front of his army and swear that henceforth all revenues would be collected in his name, and told them that they could either leave the country or remain and be sacrificed. He ordered their factories at Whydah closed, declaring that also his territory, and that the treaty had never been sanctioned by the king, but by revolutionists, who had been beheaded for acting against the king's authority.

The following year he expelled all the priests and sisters, and they were obliged to take refuge in the house of the commercial resident agent. A Dutchman, also a missionary, was not molested, because they thought him a German, and they wished to show that the revolution was enacted only against the French government and was not caused by religious feeling. The views of this state of affairs reached the foreign office in France, and M'Cavaignac, by order of the chamber of Deputies, called on Bayol, governor des rivieres du Sud, to undertake a special mission to the king and demand an explanation and an indemnity for his deplorable acts. Unfortunately, the gravity of the situation made the voyage to the black monarch's capitol a great undertaking. He carried presents as if on a most friendly mission. He left France in August, 1889, and arrived at Porto-Novo the first of October.

He dispatched a note to the king, stating that he had come to regulate the differences between the two countries and asked him to send an ambassador, to act with full power. He stated that his only wish was for peace and that he had many presents to give the king when the treaty was concluded and signed. To this the king replied that he had no interpreter to translate the letter, and asked him to send one. But let this matter rest here, as you can see

fully the events that led up to the conquest by General Dodds in '91, '92, '93.

The French did not want war and as Gle'Gle had died, they tried to regulate their affair with Benhazin, the new king. They obtained their desires and agreed to pay Benhazin twenty thousand dollars yearly, to be allowed to collect the revenues and taxes in the disputed territory. This made Benhazin look down on the French and he thought because of this proffered indemnity that they feared his power.

Everything was regulated, and the inhabitants returned and resumed business. But when all seemed quiet and business was improving, Benhazin's Amazons swooped down on the country, burning and pillaging as before, and carrying away thousands of men, women and children to be sacrificed.

The German agents had just returned from Abomy, where Benhazin had promised them laborers to build their railroad, so he devastated the country to supply them. The French government protested, whereupon Benhazin sent them word it was none of their business, and he cut off the heads of the messengers and returned them in a basket, by a Dahomian warrior. He then massed six thousand of his army, mostly Amazons, around the capitol, and sent this message to Governor Ballot, "I have never gone to France to make war, and am pained to see that you are trying to prevent me from making war upon another African nation. It is none of your business." He burned Katonou with thirty thousand inhabitants and destroyed all of the villages surrounding the French colonial headquarters. Upon receipt of this news the French government immediately declared war, and Mr. Cavaignac took entire charge of the arrangements, and selected General Dodds, a mulatto, to take supreme command.

He was a senegalais, and was ordered to Paris from Tunis to take charge of the expedition. Dahomy was prepared for war and had fourteen thousand soldiers in camp. General Dodds left Paris on May 6, 1892, and arrived at Porto-Novo, May 27. He ordered a

general advance as soon as he could prepare for the campaign, and with two thousand men and officers, began to break up the black kingdom. General Dodds soon found that he had much severe fighting to do and was pleased when King Toffa joined his forces. Benhazin's main support was his Amazons, that race of woman warriors whose prowess has astounded and amazed the whole world. On September 19th, the French army was fiercely attacked by the Amazons, who left thirteen hundred of their number dead on the field, the French losing four killed and fifteen wounded. The Amazons were completely routed by the French sharpshooters. Again on the 29th, they attacked a gunboat, six hundred strong, but the machine guns saved the French. Again on October 4th, they attempted to break the French lines, but they left twenty Amazons dead within ten yards of the French firing line.

This rush was made at sunrise, and was a partial surprise to the French, who lost eight killed and thirteen wounded. This company was commanded by the king's brother who left two hundred rifles on the field. At Oba, Benhazin was intrenched with six thousand Amazons, the flower of the army, with six guns, and despite the fact that he had lost every battle, he believed that now he would succeed, as he commanded in person.

On November 2d, they again attacked General Dodds command, and shot his orderly officer by his side. But the French rushed them and took "Cana Benhazin's Holy City," losing four officers, sixteen men and one hundred and ten wounded. After this, Benhazin, seeing that he had lost everything, sued for peace, and offered to pay twenty million francs indemnity and to cede the entire coast to France, and also to abolish the slave trade.

He fled, however, as General Dodds refused his offer, and with six hundred Amazons returned to the north. General Dodds rested a few days and then sent an army of men in pursuit. Benhazin's followers now deserted him, and he surrendered at Ajego on January 25,

1893. He was exiled, first to St. Louis Senegal, and afterwards, on March 30, 1900, to Martinique, with four of his eighty wives and four of his children. Thus ended the last black or Central African monarchy.

General Dodds returned to France, and when he landed at Marseilles, the people took the horses from his carriage and dragged it through the street. When he entered Paris the government

declared a half-holiday, and no such enthusiasm has been shown in Paris since the triumphal return of Napoleon I, on his return from Italy. Such are the honors France gives to her successful sons, regardless of race or color, and in no country in the world do we find so well expressed in action the words, *Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite*, as in the French republic, and at its capitol.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

IV. SOME LITERARY WORKERS.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

The great struggle of humanity which at present convulses the entire world, and of which race and color are but incidental factors, is a stupendous problem for scholars to solve as to its final issue.

This human striving for supremacy is the primary movement of the age in which we live. The observant eye can trace the impress of Divinity on sea and shore as He, in mighty majesty, protects the weak in the great battle that is now on between the Anglo-Saxon and the dark-skinned races of the earth. Nature is apt in devising compensations. The increasing gravity of our situation in relation to the body politic, and the introduction of new peoples who must live under the same ban of color that we are forced to endure, may operate to our advantage by bringing about desirable changes in the future of our race. The victory of England over the Boers would be the triumph of the black. The subjugation of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, the purchase of the Danish West Indies—all is but the death knell of prejudice, for the natural outcome of the close association that must follow the reception of these peoples within our Union, will be the downfall of cruel discrimination solely because of color. In this way malice defeats itself.

We maintain these sentiments in spite

of the fact that hateful feelings against the Negro are brought into the North by the influence of the South, no stone being left unturned to foist upon the northern Negro the galling chains of the most bitter southern caste prejudice which is widening the circle of its operations day by day.

It was a criminal omission on the part of those statesmen, who, having the power vested in them to enact laws to protect an innocent, helpless people in the rights which the outcome of an arduous and bloody war had conferred upon them, yet shirked their responsibilities for a nauseous sentimentality, leaving to this generation a heritage of woe. They knew then as we do now, that "unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations," and like Banquo's ghost, they are unbidden guests at every feast and will not down.

Unsettled questions have brought us the happenings of the past few months—sociological whirlwinds—the martyrdom of President McKinley, the Washington episode at the dining table of the White House, the Tillman-MacLaren's incident in Congress and mob law triumphant in the appointment of Mr. Geo. R. Koester as collector of internal revenue for South Carolina.

Agitation of the vexed question is condemned by a majority of the Cau-

casian race, and many leading men and women of color deprecate any harsh allusions in the meetings of clubs and societies, to the all important "race question." Yet, can we be silent? Some person says "Unpleasant contention is sure to follow any such allusion." No matter, let us do our duty and meet the issue boldly.

"Gag law" is nothing new; but it is unique to see its enforcement attempted by intelligence in the race. It was early adopted by Southern leaders way back in 1840, whereby all petitions on the subject of slavery were "tabled" without discussion, and free speech was abolished. History but repeats itself in 1902.

Said Mr. Phillips in 1860, on the platform of Music Hall, Boston:

"Some of you may think that everybody talks now of slavery, free speech, and the Negro. That is true; and I am not certain that the longest liver of you all will ever see the day when it will not be so. The Negro for fifty or thirty years, has been the basis of our commerce, the root of our politics, the pivot of our pulpit, the inspiration of almost all that is destined to live in our literature. For a hundred years, at least, our history will probably be a record of the struggles of a proud and selfish race to do justice to one that circumstances have thrown into its power. The effects of slavery will not vanish in one generation, or even in two. It were a very slight evil, if they could be done away with more quickly.

"It will probably be a long while, a very long while, before the needle of our politics will float free from this disturbance, before trade will cease to feel the shock of this agitation, before the pulpit can throw off vassalage to their prejudice and property, before letters take heart and dare to speak the truth.

"A bitter prejudice must be soothed, a bloody code repealed, a huckstering constitution amended or made way with, social and industrial life re-arranged, and ministers allowed to take the Bible, instead of the Stock List, as the basis of their sermons."

Were not his words prophetic? Are they not as true to-day as when he

gave them life on that Sunday in December so many years ago?

When Mr. Phillips left Music Hall at the conclusion of the exercises, he was met by a mob on Winter street, with cries of "There he is!" "Crush him out!" "Down with the Abolitionist!" "Bite his head off!" "All up!" etc. They gave vent to their impotent rage in yells and hisses, following him to the door of his house. Such is the tax that evil levies on virtue.

We know that it is not "popular" for a woman to speak or write in plain terms against political brutalities, that a woman should confine her efforts to woman's work in the home and church.

The colored woman holds a unique position in the economy of the world's advancement in 1902.

Beyond the common duties peculiar to woman's sphere, the colored woman must have an intimate knowledge of every question that agitates the councils of the world; she must understand the solution of problems that involve the alteration of the boundaries of countries, and which make and unmake governments.

A famous woman of the favored race, has said that she did not wish her work to be judged with reference to her sex; that she feared that women workers were praised unduly. Yet it seems difficult to escape entirely from this evil. Women are so active in advancing the cause not only of women, but of men, and in fact of the entire human family. Women who have enjoyed the "higher education" with its broadening culture, esthetic influence and the pure desire inculcated to uplift humanity, are doing much for the masses among their own people.

Upon the Negro woman lies a great responsibility,—the broadening and deepening of her race, the teaching of youth to grasp present opportunities, and, greater than all, to help clear the moral atmosphere by inculcating a clearer appreciation of the Holy Word and its application to every day living. The Negro woman will learn—is learning—many things she has not been fully aware of concerning human nature

in general, and philanthropic and political methods in particular. The more clearly she understands the governing principles of the government under which she lives and rears her children, the surer will be an honorable future for the whole race.

From the time that the first importation of Africans began to add comfort and wealth to the existence of the New World community, the Negro woman has been constantly proving the intellectual character of her race in unexpected directions; indeed, her success has been significant.

From the foregoing we conclude that it is the duty of the true race-woman to study and discuss all phases of the race question.

Emerson tells us that "the civility of no race is perfect whilst another race is degraded." We love this country, we adore the form of government under which we live; we want to feel that it will exist through ages yet to come. We know that it cannot stand if the vile passions which are convulsing the people at the present time are allowed to continue. Let the women then, without adverse criticism, continue to help raise the race by every means in their power, and at the same time raise our common country from the mire of barbarism.

It was a curious phenomenon, in the midst of oppression and wrong, the discovery of so great a genius in the guise of a fragile child of a despised race.

The story of Phillis Wheatley's life is common history with all classes of people, yet, we love to rehearse it, renewing our courage, as it were, for the struggle of life, with live coals from the altar of her genius. To quote Carlisle, it was: "Like a little well in the rocky desert places, like a sudden splendor of heaven! People knew not what to make of it."

She was brought from Africa to America in 1761, when between seven and eight years of age.

Mrs. John Wheatley went into the Boston slave market one day to purchase a girl for her own use. Mrs.

Wheatley's heart was touched by a good looking child just imported from the African coast, and who appeared to be suffering from the effects of the sea-voyage and the rigorous climate. The lady bought the child and called her Phillis. Struck with her uncommon brightness of the intellect of her new purchase, the mistress taught the child to read and and in about fifteen months after her arrival in this country little Phillis had attained the English language to such a degree that she could read the most difficult portions of the Scripture to the great astonishment of all who knew her.

At the age of twelve this intellectual prodigy could write letters and sustain a correspondence that would have been a credit to one twice her age, writing in 1765 a letter to Rev. Mr. Occom, the Indian minister while in England. In the family the little negress met with the kindest treatment, her genius demanding that she be treated as an equal and a companion. Indeed, she was an object of attraction, astonishment and attention with all refined and highly-cultured society at the home of the Wheatleys and abroad. Scholars, divines and literary characters vied with each other in supplying her with books and helping to develop her wonderful intellectual powers. She studied Latin and translated one of Ovid's tales which was published in America and England. In 1773 a small volume of her poems was published in London, dedicated to the Countess of Huntingdon.

At the age of twenty-one, Phillis was emancipated by her master, and on account of failing health took a sea-voyage to England. While there she was received with flattering attention in the first circles of society. In the midst of her social and literary triumphs Mrs. Wheatley who was very ill, sent for her to return, and so strong was the love between mistress and maid that Phillis cheerfully gave up the affluence surrounding her to return to her benefactress.

Phillis married Dr. Peters, a man of her own race, described by some as having considerable talents, and by others

as of a mean nature that envied the achievements of the cultured woman he had married. Be this as it may, she did not long survive, her health declined rapidly, and she died in 1780, at the age of twenty-six.

The style of her writings is pure; her verses full of beauty and sublimity; her language chaste and elegant. Could she have lived a few years longer she would have been renowned as a poet. Still she accomplished her destiny which was by the development of her genius to show to the world the injustice done her race.

Among the women of the race blessed by Divinity with an extraordinary portion of His pure spirit, it gives us pleasure to record the name of Mrs. Francis Grimke, formerly Miss Gertrude L. Fortune, of Philadelphia. In 1854 Miss Fortune entered the Higginson Grammar School at Salem, Mass., where she won the reputation of being an apt pupil. Entering the high school, she graduated from that institution with honor, having received a premium for "A Parting Hymn," sung at graduation. This composition gave evidence that Miss Fortune was a literary genius. She became a correspondent of the "National Anti-Slavery Standard," and wrote a series of spicy letters that attracted attention from many white journals. Her poem, "The Angel's Visit," is not surpassed by anything in the English language.

Miss Fortune (Mrs. Grimke) stands between the Anglo-Saxon and the African, with fine features, well-developed forehead, and an intellectual countenance, her gifted mind is well stored with gleanings from the works of the best authors. For many years her writings were published in the "Atlantic Monthly," during the time that she taught in the Southern States, where she was well known and highly appreciated.

Among the Reformers of the nineteenth century none stands more powerful than Mrs. Ida B. Wells-Barnett. Her story is romantic. Everybody has heard

of this fearless woman. She stirred Europe with her eloquent appeals until Parliament and crowned heads delighted to honor her. The press of her own country, governors, senators, representatives, heard her with pleasure and profit. She is without doubt the first authority among Afro-Americans on lynching and mob violence.

Ida B. Wells was born in Holly Springs, Miss., and was left an orphan when a little girl of fourteen years. For six years she had attended Rusk University, the college founded by the Freedman's Bureau, her tuition paid by her parents. Their death charged her with the support of six little brothers and sisters, a task which she bravely assumed.

At fourteen she was teaching a district school, studying herself, and attending the college when unemployed. In 1889 she went to Memphis, where she was first employed as a teacher, and then as a journalist, editing, and finally controlling the "Free Speech," a paper published in the interests of the colored race. For three years she met with unbounded success. Miss Wells developed great talent as a public speaker, and was in great demand among her people. In 1892 the crisis came that materially changed the course of her life. The unprovoked and cruel murder of three innocent black men in a suburb of Memphis aroused the girl-editor. She knew the men personally, and the shock of their awful death gave her a fierce courage. She published the true story of the crime. The result we all know. Her office was raided by a mob, her presses destroyed, she was driven from Memphis on pain of death if she returned.

She found a refuge in New York, and from there, when her story became known, she went by invitation to England, where her extreme youth, her earnestness and simple eloquence, her magnetic personality opened a way for her everywhere. Columns of praise were lavished upon her, and upon her return to New York she received an ovation as the champion of her race and an acknowledged power upon the public platform.

Miss Wells married Lawyer Barnett, a prominent advocate of Chicago and a well-known editor and newspaper man.

We append interesting testimonials of Mrs. Barnett's work abroad:

Miss Ida B. Wells, an American colored lady from Tennessee, pleaded the cause of her race on Tuesday evening last, in the Friends' Meeting House, Glasgow, before a large audience. The graphic picture she gave of the persecution and brutal tyranny to which the colored people of the Southern States are subjected by the whites, was listened to with rapt attention. Nothing more harrowing has been for years related from a Glasgow platform than the narrative she gave of the cruelties and outrages perpetrated upon her people.—The Scottish Pulpit.

Those who heard Miss Wells may be interested in her labors in Great Britain. After lecturing successfully in Edinburgh and Glasgow, she passed on to the chief English provincial towns, and then to London. Special interest attaches to her last public appearance in London, which was at the World's Women's Temperance Union at St. James' Hall, Piccadilly. She was placed immediately on the left of Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Frances Willard being on the right. When Lady Somerset invited Miss Wells to speak on temperance subjects, Miss Wells replied that she had only one excuse for being before the

British public, and that was to protest against "lynch law," and expressed her desire that the association that works for "God, home, and every land" would use its influence against this evil. Thereupon Lady Somerset introduced Miss Wells and allowed her to make this appeal.—Aberdeen Evening Gazette, June 28, 1893.

After hearing Miss Wells an Aberdeen journalist wrote:

"That the habit of treating persons with Negro blood in their veins with social contempt: bringing against the race monstrous accusations without evidence, and carrying reckless vengeance the length of wrecking property and destroying human life by the process of lynching is a disgrace to America, is clear. The only wise and safe way to remove a foul blot from the scutcheon of the greatest republic on earth is for Americans, from the most prominent statesman to the meanest citizen, to give practical effect to their professed Christianity by a frank and honest recognition of the fact—which, indeed, ought to be their pride—that all citizens of that republic are on one and an equal footing in respect of social rights as well as the protection of the law; and that so long as the conditions of good citizenship are respected, neither race nor color can form any disqualification where true freedom reigns."

A PRAYER.

JAMES R. TIMES.

Oh God if I have erred to-day
 Thou wilt forgive.
 Tho' I have lost the narrow way,
 I beg to live.
 Trim thou my light,
 So darkest night,
 Will still be bright.
 The strength which buoys the righteous, give.
 Teach me to say:
 My faith illumines every hour I live,
 With heavenly ray.

HAGAR'S DAUGHTER.*

A Story of Southern Caste Prejudice.

SARAH A. ALLEN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XXXIII.

DURING December, 1860, the rebellious political spirit of the country leaped all barriers and culminated in treason.

Closely associated with the Confederate leaders, was St. Clair Enson, son of an aristocratic Maryland family, who hoped, by rendering valuable aid to the founders of the new government, to re-establish himself socially and financially. While in Charleston, S. C., attending the convention preliminary to the formation of the new government, he received a letter announcing the birth of his brother's heir. This enraged Enson who saw in it the loss of his patrimony. He fell in with a notorious slave-trader named Walker, who accompanied him on his homeward trip on the steamer "Planter." Walker offers to show him a way out of his difficulties for ten thousand dollars.

St. Clair Enson's brother Ellis had married Miss Hagar Sargeant, a beauty and an heiress. A daughter was born. Soon after this St. Clair arrives at Enson Hall accompanied by Walker. He claims that Enson has a slave of his on the plantation. Enson denies the charge.

Walker explains that, being childless, Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant, while living at St. Louis, took an octoroon slave from him to bring up. He declares that Hagar is that child, and produces papers to prove his claim. Hagar recognizes the man, and faints at sight of him.

Ellis buys Hagar and the child of Walker. Unable to bear the disgrace of having married a Negress, decided to leave home, but loving his wife very dearly, concludes to go abroad, and live where they are unknown. St. Clair overhears the plan and informs Walker. Enson leaves home to make arrangements for journey. At end of three weeks his dead body is found in some woods on the estate.

Hagar accuses St. Clair and Walker of murdering Ellis. Then St. Clair gives Walker permission to sell Hagar and the child in the Washington slave market. Hagar, with the child, leaps into the Potomac River.

The story next opens in the winter of 1882, in the city of Washington, D. C.

The event of the season is a grand ball about to be given at the home of Senator Zenas Bowen who has a charming wife and a beautiful young daughter, Jewel, engaged to Cuthbert Sumner, a rich New Englander, private secretary for General Benson, chief of a department.

At the theatre one night, society is stirred by the advent of a new beauty, Miss Aurelia Madison, to whom Sumner was at one time engaged, a fact that he has concealed from Jewel.

General Benson has fallen in love with Jewel and determines to win her and her fortune of ten million. To this end, he plots with Major Madison and Aurelia to separate the lovers.

Aurelia Madison becomes fast friends with Jewel on the strength of an old school acquaintance at the Canadian convent. She secures an invitation to the ball and appears there, creating a sensation.

On the night of the ball, and near its close, by a series of

preconcerted arrangements, Jewel, who had gone to the conservatory with General Benson, sees Aurelia in Sumner's arms; she believes him in love with her beautiful friend.

Jewel breaks her engagement with Sumner. Refuses to see him or read his letters. Accepts General Benson's attentions and at last their engagement is announced.

Cuthbert Sumner resigns his position under General Benson resolved to leave Washington. The latter goes on a trip with other government officials and leaves Sumner in charge of the office. He and Miss Bradford are obliged to work overtime on special work. She tells him of her former relations with General Benson, and says by threatening exposure she has induced him to promise her marriage at Easter. Sumner leaves her to finish her work at the office, stunned by what he has heard. She is murdered. The next morning he is arrested.

Aunt Henny Sargeant, scrub woman at Treasury Building, disappears on same night of Bradford murder.

Jewel Benson visits Cuthbert Sumner in prison. Explanations are made, and they resolve to marry immediately. She visits E. Henson, chief of the secret service division, and places Sumner's case in his hands.

Cuthbert Sumner and Jewel Benson are married in the prison. At the hearing before the Grand Jury Sumner is held for trial in September. Senator Bowen, who is taken suddenly ill in New York, is brought home and dies the next day. After the funeral General Benson presents a will signed by Senator Bowen, that leaves the entire estate in his hands, together with Major Madison. Jewel Benson is abducted at the very entrance to her home.

Jewel comes out of a swoon to find herself imprisoned in a deserted mansion, waited on by an old Negress and a pleasant looking colored man who is Isaac Johnson. After a number of weeks she manages to get out of her room and in wandering over the house comes upon Aunt Henny, the missing witness in the Bradford murder case.

Meanwhile, Venus Johnson, from remarks made by her mother, infers that Gen. Benson has concealed Jewel at a place near Baltimore, where her father has gone to look after Gen. Benson's business for the summer. She goes to Chief Henson and tells him her thoughts.

Disguised as a boy, she discovers Jewel Bowen and her grandmother, Aunt Henny Sargeant, in the same house.

Aurelia Madison visits Sumner in prison and offers to prove his innocence, if he will marry her. He refuses to do this: announces his marriage with Jewel, accuses her of bearing colored blood, and she leaves him vowing vengeance. At the trial Aunt Henny is produced as an eye-witness of the murder. Lynching is threatened by the crowd when Gov. Lowe moves to arrest Gen. Benson on her evidence. To prove the truth of the old negress' story, Chief Henson declares himself to be Ellis Enson, supposed to have been murdered twenty years before. Mrs. Bowen recognizes her former husband and claims that she is the unfortunate Hagar,

that did not shame his manhood, coursed unheeded.

When the excitement incident to Chief Henson's story (or Ellis Enson, as we must now call him) had somewhat subsided, the trial was resumed.

Governor Lowe called no other witnesses, but at once rose to address the jury for the prisoner, and never, perhaps, had the great politician and leader been more eloquently brilliant than on that occasion. He ranged up the whole mass

CHAPTER XXXIV.

At Mrs. Bowen's impassioned cry, Chief Henson turned an appealing look upon the judge, who bowed his head as if understanding the mute question; he reached the fainting woman's side with one stride, and lifted her tenderly in his strong arms, then he bore her from the crowded room, followed by the maid and weeping step-daughter. The spectators fell back respectfully before the stern man over whose white face great tears,

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of evidence with a bold and masterly grasp that could not be outrivalled.

In burning words he laid bare the details of the plot for millions, explaining that when General Benson found himself defeated in all directions, and threatened with exposure by the woman he had ruined, if he persisted in marrying Miss Bowen, he had conceived the idea of a diabolical deed—to murder Miss Bradford and allow the guilt to rest upon Cuthbert Sumner, thus ridding himself of two obstacles at one stroke.

He painted vividly the stealthy return of General Benson from New York to Washington, his arrival at the Treasury Building, his concealment in the great wardrobes, with which his department was supplied, his long wait for the departure of Mr. Sumner, during which he heard the dead woman's confession to the secretary; his meeting with Miss Bradford, down to the last awful move in the tragedy witnessed by the old Negress, Aunt Henny, who fainted with horror at the tragedy of the night. "He returned to New York as secretly as he left the city," continued the Governor, "because his flight had occurred on the Sabbath, when all the members of the committee were bent on individual pleasure, and as he was in his place on Monday morning no one noticed his absence. Then, in his devotion to his employer's interests, the faithful servant and ex-slave, Isaac Johnson, knowing no law save the will of his former owner, faithful to the traditions of slavery still, concealed the only witness of the crime, failing only in one point—that he did not murder the old woman (his mother-in-law) as commanded by General Benson, but kept her in confinement. In attempting to force Miss Bowen to marry him by abducting her and concealing her in an old country house, detectives searching for her found the missing witness, whom we have heard here to-day.

"The romance of the situation is enhanced by the fact that in just retribution the brother so inhumanly betrayed and abandoned, even as was Joseph of old, by his brethren, was the Nemesis placed upon the criminal's track to put him in the power of outraged justice."

With a splendid peroration, and a ten-

der reference to the unexpected meeting of the cruelly-separated husband and wife, the Governor sat down and the Attorney-General followed him in a speech of great ability; but he knew the verdict was a foregone one, that his own remarks were but a form, that the weight of evidence in "this most extraordinary case" left him but one course. He felt, too, a savage bitterness towards Benson or Enson, that made him pant for the trial which he knew must come. In fact, officers were already stationed near the precious trio ready to take them in charge the moment all preliminary proceedings were over.

The Attorney-General concluded his speech with the words, "Justice is all that we are seeking, gentlemen of the jury, and in your hands I leave the prisoner's interests, knowing that you will return a verdict in accordance with the evidence given, that will give us all the right to welcome Mr. Sumner among us again fully reinstated in the confidence and esteem of the whole country."

The judge's charge followed, with a finely-balanced summing up which displayed all the power and glory of English jurisprudence; even the prisoner followed him with admiring forgetfulness of self. Finally the case was given to the jury; they consulted together a few minutes for the sake of appearances, without leaving their seats, then the foreman rose and announced: "We find the prisoner not guilty."

"Is this your verdict, Mr. Foreman?" asked the clerk.

"It is," he answered.

"So say you all, gentlemen of the jury?"

"We do," in chorus from the box.

If there had been much doubt which way public opinion and sympathy had set during the trial, there was absolutely none when the verdict "not guilty" was given, for the long-repressed excitement found vent in an outburst of applause that for a time defied official control. Like wildfire the news spread to the people outside, and cheer after cheer rent the air, the crowd swaying and pushing in a vain attempt to get a glimpse of the late prisoner; but as soon as he could, Sumner left in a carriage with Badger

and West, faithful John Williams on the box, for his apartments, and later the Bowen mansion.

Sumner could never have told very precisely what passed after the verdict had been given, save that as in a dizzy dream he heard applause within and cheers without; then he saw the fetters on the wrists of General Benson and saw him hurried from the room between two officers, followed by Major Madison and Aurelia. The two villains had sat nonplussed and dumbfounded during the stirring events just chronicled, making no effort to escape. Governor Lowe rushed the business of their arrest, and in this was ably seconded by the judge and the Attorney-General.

Presently Sumner found himself in a mass of humanity in a room with Governor Lowe and Mr. Cameron, receiving congratulations and invitations. He thanked all in his pleasant way and declined; he could not bear society just yet.

That verdict gave back life to Jewel and to him, but he was unhappy and anxious over her situation with her step-mother; the wonderful revelation of Mrs. Bowen's identity with the slave Hagar was a shock to him. It was a delicate situation, but, of course, he told himself, "Mrs. Bowen could see that with all sympathy for her and her sad story, it was impossible for Jewel to be longer associated with her in so close a relationship as that of mother and daughter. He comforted himself with the thought that the unfortunate woman was the second wife of Senator Bowen, and that was a fortunate fact. He would do all that he could for Mrs. Bowen, but the social position of Mrs. Sumner demanded a prompt separation.

Cuthbert Sumner was born with a noble nature; his faults were those caused by environment and tradition. Chivalrous, generous-hearted—a manly man in the fullest meaning of the term—yet born and bred in an atmosphere which approved of freedom and qualified equality for the Negro, he had never considered for one moment the remote contingency of actual social contact with this unfortunate people.

He had heard the Negro question discussed in all its phases during his student

life at "Fair Harvard," and had even contributed a paper to a local weekly in which he had warmly championed their cause; but so had he championed the cause of the dumb and helpless creatures in the animal world about him. He gave large sums to Negro colleges and on the same principal gave liberally to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and endowed a refuge for homeless cats. Horses, dogs, cats, and Negroes were classed together in his mind as of the brute creation whose sufferings it was his duty to help alleviate.

And Jewel? She, too, felt that straining of the heart's chords as she waited in her private sitting room for her lover-husband. She was alone. Ellis Enson was with her step-mother. After Mrs. Bowen returned to consciousness, Jewel had stolen away unnoticed by the strangely reunited pair, leaving them in sacred seclusion.

She held the evening paper in her hand. It contained a column headed, "Sensational Ending of the Famous Bradford Tragedy."

After detailing the day's events, the editor gave the story of the white slave Hagar (Mrs. Bowen), and her extraordinary recognition of her former husband and master in the person of Chief Henson of the Secret Service Division. The editor went on to say:

"No trace of woman or child was found after her leap over the bridge into the river. She was supposed to have been drowned. The woman, however, was picked up by a Negro oyster-digger and concealed in his hut for days. At the breaking out of the war she drifted to California and in a few years married the wealthy miner, Zenas Bowen. This story, showing, as it does, the ease with which beautiful half-breeds may enter our best society without detection, is a source of anxiety to the white citizens of our country. At this rate the effects of slavery can never be eradicated, and our most distinguished families are not immune from contact with this mongrel race. Mrs. Bowen has our sympathy, but we cannot, even for such a leader as she has been, unlock the gates of caste and bid her enter. Posterity forbids it. We wait the action of Mr. Ellis Enson

(Chief Henson) with impatience, praying that sentiment may not overcome the dictates of duty."

Jewel's tender heart was full of pity and love for her step-mother. Now she knew for the first time whence came the fountain of love so freely lavished upon her by this heart-broken mother.

"How she must have suffered," murmured the girl to herself. Then, as she mentally counted up the years that had passed since the events chronicled by the paper, she said aloud in some surprise, "Why, I must be about the age of the poor baby girl. How wonderful!" She was glad to be alone after all these weeks of tempest and to-day's climax, with its reaction. Mingled with her own joy at Cuthbert's release was a silent, wordless awe of Chief Henson's declaration in the court room and her step-mother's avowal. But, strange to say, the girl felt none of the repugnance that the announcement of Mrs. Bowen's origin had brought to Sumner. Her own happiness was so great that all worldly selfishness was swept away.

Hush! She suddenly rose from the couch where she was sitting, with wide eyes and quivering form, hearing the soft musical voice outside, so yearned for all these dreadful weeks, now fast disappearing like a horrible nightmare before the rosy glow of Hope's enchanting rays. She saw the door open and shut—saw Cuthbert's tall form enter—she sank upon the couch, putting out her hands to him in a trustful, childlike way.

Without a word he flung himself beside her and folded her in his arms with a passion and strength that were irresistible.

"Mine at last! My darling! My one love—my wife!" For a second there was a blank—life itself seemed to stand still, and time and space were obliterated. "Husband!" she said at length with smothered passion. He stooped and kissed her in a strange, awed way—silently, solemnly, as a man might who had been so near the grave—heart to heart, soul to soul, conscious only in that supreme moment paradise was touched! So for some minutes they sat in soul communion. Sumner broke the silence after a time. "Heaven only can

reward Chief Henson and Venus Johnson for their rescue of you, my treasure. May heaven forget me if I ever forget their devotion to my dear wife. I tell you, Jewel, I was maddened when the news was brought to me of your abduction. I would have been a murderer in truth could I have been free for one moment to meet Benson!"

The wife's lips touched his softly, lovingly—true woman to the core—as a "ministering angel."

"But, dearest, God protected me."

There was another eloquent pause. Then Sumner said abruptly:

"To-morrow our marriage must be properly advertised. It is Thursday now; on Monday you must come with me to my father. After you have seen him, you shall plan our future."

Jewel laid her head against him. "Your wishes are mine, Cuthbert."

Then they talked a while of the strange revelations made at the trial, of the discovery of Negro blood in Aurelia Madison and Mrs. Bowen.

"With the knowledge that we now possess of her origin, we can no longer wonder at her wicked duplicity," said Sumner.

"That is true in her case," replied Jewel, "but a truer, sweeter, more perfect woman than mamma does not live on the earth; how do you account for it?"

"Depend upon it, those characteristics are but an accident of environment, not the true nature of her parent stock. I have always heard that the Negro race excelled in low cunning."

"True," replied Jewel, dreamily, "but then there are Venus and Aunt Henny."

"Yes, and my faithful John. I suppose these exceptions prove the rule. Still I am thankful that Mrs. Bowen is only your step-mother."

Then they drifted back into their lovers' talk once more.

"Look thro' mine eyes with thine, true wife,

Round my true heart thine arms entwine;

My other dearer life in life,

Look thro' my very soul with thine!"

It was midnight when the wedded lovers separated. In the hall they met Ellis Enson, as we shall hereafter call him.

The man's face wore a look of solemn joy. He shook Jewel's hand silently. He urged Sumner to go to his room with him and spend the night, for he had much to say to him in regard to the late trial. Sumner felt obliged to accept the invitation, and the two men went away together.

The early morning hours found them still talking over the trial, but their greatest interest was in the story of the elder man—the strange trials in two lives.

"How do you intend to fix it?" questioned Sumner.

"Of course Mrs. Bowen is very much shaken, but we shall be quietly remarried on Sunday, and then I shall take my wife away. When we return I hope to have possession of Enson Hall, where we shall take up our permanent abode. I hand in my resignation to-day, to take immediate effect."

"I honor you for your resolution, Enson, but indeed I have not your strength of character. I could never solve the social problem in that high-handed manner. Have you no fear of public opinion?"

"My dear boy, I know just where you are. I went all through the old arguments from your point of view twenty years ago. I wavered and wavered, but nature was stronger than prejudice. I have suffered the torments of hell since I lost my wife and child."

He rose from his seat and strode once down the room, then back again, pausing before the young man.

"Sumner," he said, with impressive solemnity, "race prejudice is all right in theory, but when a man tries to practice it against the laws which govern human life and action, there's a weary journey ahead of him, and he's not got to die to realize the tortures of the damned. This idea of race separation is carried to an extreme point and will, in time, kill itself. Amalgamation has taken place; it will continue, and no finite power can stop it."

"But, my dear Enson, you do not countenance such a—such a—well—ter-

rible action as a wholesale union between whites and blacks? Think of it, my dear man! Think of our refinement and intelligence linked to such black bestiality as we find in the slums of this or any other great city where Negroes predominate!"

Enson smiled at the other's vehemence.

"Certainly not, Sumner; but, on the other hand, take the case of Aurelia Madison. Did you ever behold a more gorgeously beautiful woman, or one more fastidiously refined? Had her moral development been equal to her other attainments, and you had loved her, how could you endure to have a narrow, beastly prejudice alone separate you from the woman pre-destined for your life-companion? It is in such cases that the law of caste is most cruel in its results."

"I think that the knowledge of her origin would kill all desire in me," replied Sumner. "The mere thought of the grinning, toothless black hag that was her foreparent would forever rise between us. I am willing to allow the Negroes education, to see them acquire business, money, and social status within a certain environment. I am not averse even to their attaining political power. Farther than this, I am not prepared to go."

"And this is the sum total of what Puritan New England philanthropy will allow—every privilege but the vital one of deciding a question of the commonest personal liberty which is the fundamental principle of the holy family tie."

"When one considers the ignorance, poverty and recent degradation of this people, I feel that my position is well taken," persisted Sumner. "Ought we not, as Anglo-Saxons, keep the fountain head of our racial stream as unpoluted as possible?"

Enson smiled sadly; a holy light for one instant illumined the scarred face of the veteran:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts,"

he quoted softly. "You will learn one day that there is a higher law than that

enacted by any earthly tribunal, and I believe that you will then find your nature nobler than you know."

"You make me feel uncanny, Enson, with your visionary ideas. Thank God, I have my wife; there I am safely anchored."

"Amen!" supplemented Enson softly, as they clasped hands in a warm good-night.

CHAPTER XXXV.

On Friday the court room was again crowded to the doors by spectators eager to view the closing scenes in the celebrated case.

The soi-disant General Benson was arraigned on a charge of wilfully murdering Elise Bradford, and was committed for trial in October. Major Madison, or Walker, the ex-slave driver, and his daughter Aurelia were also in court, Madison for forgery in connection with Senator Bowen's will.

Nothing criminal was charged against Aurelia; in fact, no one desired to inflict more punishment on the unfortunate woman, and when she left the court room that day she vanished forever from public view.

Deadly pale, but proudly self-possessed, Ellis Enson gave his testimony at the hearing, fixing a steadfast, unflinching gaze on the livid, haggard face that glared back with sullen hate and fear in every line. So for a moment of dead silence, of untold pain to one, those two men, sons of one father, but with a bridgeless gulf between them, stood face to face after many years.

The story had to be told again, however deeply it racked one soul to be forced to give deadly testimony against the murderer, who, outcast by his own evil deeds, was still his father's son. The ghastly facts stood out too clearly for hesitation, and St. Clair Enson, alias Gen. Charles Benson, was remanded for trial.

Owing to the unsavory character of the prisoner extra precautions were taken by the warden to prevent a rescue or an escape.

At one o'clock Saturday morning the guard upon the outer wall that surrounded the jail saw a shadow that

seemed to move. At first he thought it a stray cat or dog, then as he watched he saw that it stole along the wall suspiciously; obedient to orders, he fired; the shadow fell to earth.

The men who came running at the sound of the shots bore the wounded man back into the jail, where they found that their burden was the body of St. Clair Enson, and that he was dead. The guard's bullet had taken a fatal effect.

In the prisoner's bed crouched Isaac Johnson in a vain endeavor to cover up his former owner's flight. A gaping hole at one side of the cell told where an entrance had been effected. How Isaac had managed to cut his way through the solid masonry always remained a mystery to the authorities.

Thus ended St. Clair Enson's career of vice and crime. Walker, alias Major Madison, died in the state prison.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Late Saturday afternoon, Hagar, so long known to us as Mrs. Bowen, reclined in semi-invalid fashion on the couch in her boudoir. She had exchanged her deep mourning for a house dress of white cashmere, profusely touched with costly lace. Her dark hair, showing scarcely a touch of silver, was closely coiled at the back of her shapely head. In spite of a shade of sadness her countenance was serene.

She was happy—happier than she had ever hoped to be in this life. True, no callers begged admittance into the grand mansion, no cards overflowed the receivers in the spacious entrance hall, since the sensational items disclosing her identity had appeared in the columns of the daily press; that fact did not disconcert her in the least. One thing alone troubled her,—Summer's determination to separate her from Jewel.

The tender-hearted woman who had been his champion and friend throughout dark days of suspicion and despair, could not understand his antipathy to her. The two ladies did not worry themselves unduly, however, trusting that time and their united persuasions would win him to a better frame of mind.

The ceremony of the morrow would

see her united to the husband of her youth. She thought only of that.

Ellis wished to settle the whole of Senator Bowen's immense fortune upon Jewel, but the latter would not hear of so unjust a proceeding. So the mansion was to be left in the care of Marthy Johnson, Aunt Henny and Oliver, while Mr. and Mrs. Enson were abroad. Venus was to go to Massachusetts with her young mistress, and the plan was that she and John Williams should be married about Christmas. The travellers were to start on their journeys early Monday morning. Suddenly Senator Bowen's last words, "The little hair trunk!" flashed across the lady's mind. It had been his in his first wife's time. He had clung to it through poverty and prosperity. It was in the late Senator's dressing-room which opened into the room where she was lying. Secretly blaming herself for neglecting the shabby object of his love and care, Hagar rose hastily and passed into the adjoining room.

Everything was as he had left it. How lonely it seemed without the jovial, genial presence of the man who had saved her from despair. Tears came to her eyes as she stood gazing upon familiar objects, each bearing the personality of the man who had gathered them about him. Over in a corner stood the little hair trunk. She moved slowly toward it, and presently was on her knees before it with the lid thrown back.

She sat there, prone upon the floor, for a time, gazing in mute sadness upon the contents—shabby, peculiarly made garments of the fashion in vogue before the war, mementoes of that other wife of his young manhood, and, strange mixture, a number of clay pipes, burned black by use, and fishing tackle, all mingled in a motley heap.

She took up the first wife's picture, opened the case and gazed into the eyes of the blowzy girlish face in its hideous cape bonnet, the long spiral curls falling outside the ruche that faced the head covering. Not a pretty face; no, but honesty and kindness of heart were written there, silently claiming their tribute, turning the contemptuous smile to gentle reverence.

Hagar closed the case softly and placed it beside her on the floor with the other articles which her sense of neatness and order had caused her to fold carefully in regular piles, ready to replace in the shabby receptacle.

She had often wondered who Jewel resembled and where she had obtained the dainty, high-bred elegance of face and figure; surely not from father nor from mother. To-day her curiosity was again aroused; the desire to know pursued her so persistently that she was amazed.

The small velvet case containing Senator Bowen's daguerrotype, taken in early youth, had a peculiar fascination for her. His face smiled up at her, round, jolly, rubicund, a dimple in his chin and a laugh in his eyes, which the straight hair, combed flatly to the sides of his head, could not render sedate. Hagar felt a film gather to her eyes. What a god he had been to her! How devoted! How gentle! And he was a man of strong intellect and staunch integrity. She had no cause to be ashamed of him. He had saved her from despair. Next to her God she placed this man, whom she knew instinctively would never have forsaken her, never for one instant would he have wavered from his constancy to her, no matter what the cause, were she but true to him.

Ellis had come back to her; yes, but although love forgave, love worshipped at his shrine, love could not blot out the bitter memory of the time when he had failed her.

She closed the case with a nervous click, and went on with her sorting and folding. The very last thing that she found was a brown paper parcel, tied with coarse string. She undid the knot with the feeling of pride which attends the operation of succeeding in untying a string without cutting it. She smoothed out the kinks and curls and laid it carefully at her side ready for use again; then she removed the paper, expecting to see a man's wearing apparel; to her surprise a roll of white cashmere, yellow with age, met her eyes; it was wrapped about other articles. The kneeling woman felt the room spinning round her as she held the packet in her hand. There was something vaguely familiar in that ordinary

piece of yellow cashmere; one side being visible showed a deep embroidered design tracing the edge of the deep hem. She could not move. Every muscle was paralyzed, and a flood of memories rushed in turmoil through her brain.

Trembling, breathless with excitement, she began to unroll the bundle. The last fold, as it fell apart, revealed the outer covering to be an infant's cloak of richest material and beautifully embroidered. With quivering fingers the agitated woman continued to shake out the garments that the cloak enfolded—a tiny dress, dainty skirts, a lace cap—in short, all the articles necessary to make up the attire of a child of love and wealth.

"Oh, merciful heaven! How came these here?" she whispered with white lips, as she pressed each tiny garment to her lips, and rained tremulous kisses on the exquisite lace cap. "My baby, my baby!"

She threw herself upon the floor and lay there weeping scalding tears. Before her lay the garments that her own hands had fashioned twenty years before, for the little daughter who had come to bless the union of Ellis Enson and herself. Half in terror she gazed upon them as upon the ghost of one long since departed. She made a movement and a metallic sound drew her attention to an object that slipped from among the clothing to the floor. It was a gold chain, from which depended a locket.

"My mother's locket!" she gasped. "Ah! Until this hour I had forgotten it; it was about my darling's neck when last I dressed her. My God! How comes it here? Why do I find it in Zenas Bowen's trunk?"

She touched a spring and the outer lid sprang back, showing a piece of paper pressed in the space usually devoted to pictures. The paper fell upon the floor unheeded. The writing was in Senator Bowen's hand, but she did not notice it; she was pressing her fingers along the margin of filagree work which decorated the edge of the locket; presently the back fell apart; then she pressed again and a third compartment opened and from it the face of Ellis En-

son in his first youth smiled up into her own.

How well she remembered all the minute details of the history of the locket in the shadowy past, brought so vividly to her memory by the dramatic events of the last few days. Her mother had given her the locket at the time of her father's death, and had told her that it was a valued heirloom, and had explained to her the intricate working of the triple case. Probably no one had ever discovered the secret spring, and the case was supposed to be empty. After Mrs. Sargeant's death, she had in turn explained to Ellis, had placed his pictured face there, and when, tortured and tormented by persecution, she was driven from her home to the slave market, she had placed the locket about the baby's neck; why, she knew not.

Gazing at it now with sick and whirling brain, there came a step outside in her sitting room. She dragged her leaden limbs to the door and beheld Ellis. The bright smile on his face at sight of her seemed to chase away the years and renew his lost youth.

"My darling," he began, "you see I have managed to return earlier than I expected. I could not support the purgatory of absence from you longer. But what is the matter?"

Hagar could not answer him. Leaning against the door-frame, she looked him in the eyes, then extended her hand, the open locket lying on her palm.

"Ellis," she said, in a husky whisper, "I have just found this—here—in this room—in Senator Bowen's old trunk of relics. What can it mean? For God's sake, try and explain it to me. I cannot grasp the meaning of it at all."

Ellis's face was as white as her own, but he spoke soothingly to the distracted woman. Then his trained eye travelled beyond her to where the folded paper lay forgotten.

Taking her in his arms, he placed her upon the couch in the sitting-room, and then picked up the paper, first tenderly straightening each tiny garment and placing them all together in a pile upon a chair. Closing the door carefully be-

hind him, he drew a chair to the side of the couch where Hagar lay weeping.

"Now, Hagar, my dear," he said, coaxingly, "you will try and be good and command yourself. God grant by these tokens that we may trace our darling's last resting place—a message from heaven!"

"Oh, how selfish I am, Ellis! You need comfort as much as I do," she cried, her love on fire at sight of the tears in his eyes, which he tried in vain to suppress. And then for a little while the childless parents held each other's hands and wept. Presently Ellis opened the paper from the locket. It seemed but a leaf from a memorandum book, but what a change it wrought in the lives of four people!

March, 1862.—Went up the Potomac on the "Zenas Bowen" for oysters. Brought off 100 guns, 300 pounds of ammunition, Charleston, S. C. Picked up log floating outside the bay with a girl baby less than one year old attached to it by clothing. Must have floated many hours, but the sleeping child was unhurt. Clothing rich; no clue to parents or relatives.

November, 1862.—Have adopted child and shall call her "Jewel." Have placed this mem. inside locket found on child for future reference.

Zenas Bowen.

Mary Jane Bowen.

There was a sound of weeping in the quiet room. "The Divine Father hears all prayers, sees all suffering. In His own good time the All-Merciful has had mercy." The solemn words broke from Ellis.

"And I have said in my anguish, there is no God. He does not heed my woes. Blasphemer that I am!" cried Hagar.

"And she is here in this very house! My God, I thank Thee! Ellis, do not fear, I am strong; go, I beseech you, lose not a moment, bring her to me—bring my Jewel, my daughter, to my arms. Ah, did not my heart yearn over her from the first, when, as a tender baby girl, I held her to my aching heart, and soothed my deep despair? Go, go—at once—Ellis! This suspense is more trying than all that has gone before.

You do not know a mother's feelings. Shall I live till your return?"

Ellis, alarmed at her state, choked down his own feelings, and left the room in search of Jewel.

* * * * *

Who can paint the most sacred of human emotions? Clapsed in her mother's arms, and shown the proofs preserved by her adopted father of her rescue from the death designed by her distracted mother, Jewel doubted not that she was Hagar's daughter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

All night the new-found daughter and husband watched beside Hagar's couch. They feared for her reason. But joy never kills, and at length she slept, and Jewel stole away to take her needed rest.

When alone again in her room, after the startling revelation that had come to her, she sat a long time, trying to realize the complete change in her future which this discovery would bring. She did not deceive herself; the cup of happiness was about to be snatched from her lips. Cuthbert, who was the one object of her passionate hero worship, would turn from her with loathing. There were dark circles about her eyes and her cheeks were ghastly. She loved her mother, she was proud of her father but feelings engendered for twenty years were not to be overcome instantly. It was horrible—a living nightmare, that she, the petted darling of society, should be banned because of her origin. She shrank as from a blow as she pictured to herself the astonishment, disgust and contempt of her former associates when they learned her story. The present was terrible, the future more awful still. Overcome by her thoughts, moans burst from her overcharged heart; she stretched out her arms in an abandonment of grief and dropped senseless in the middle of her room, and so Venus found her in the early morning hours. Heaven help her, for it must also be written for her as for her ill-fated mother:

"Better the heart strings had never known
The chord that sounded its doom."

Venus knew the whole story. Mr. Enson had called Marthy, Aunt Henny and Venus into the room and told them very solemnly the facts in the case. There was much weeping and rejoicing.

"My soul," cried Venus to her mother when they were alone, "what about Mr. Sumner? If he goes back on Miss Jewel it'll kill her; it will break her heart."

"It's my 'pinion dat it's already broke, honey; a gal brung up like her has been's gwine break her heart to fin' herself nuthin' but common nigger trash. I jes' hope de debbil's give St. Clair Enson a good hot place down thar to pay him for his devilmen' here on yearth. 'deed I does," said Aunt Henny.

Jewel sent for her father and they talked the matter over. Mr. Enson could give her little hope. He was forced to acknowledge that Sumner was strongly prejudiced. He promised to see him, however, and tell him the story and hear his reply to Jewel, who sent also a pathetic note bidding him farewell:

"I know your prejudice against amalgamation; I have believed with you. My sin, for it is a sin to hold one set of God's creatures so much inferior to the rest of creation simply because of the color of the skin, has found me out. Like Miriam of old, I have scorned the Ethiopian and the curse has fallen upon me, and I must dwell outside the tents of happiness forever. I know you pity my poor mother; she has been so unhappy. I am proud of my father; he is a noble man. I will write again to-morrow and perhaps see you; but, oh, pray not to-day!"

Twenty-four hours passed and left Sumner as they found him, in mental torture. Then his good angel triumphed. He swore he would not give her up, and then he learned the power of prayer. He was ready to overlook and forgive all if only Jewel were left him. As his entreaties went up to a compassionate God the words rose ever before him.

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." "All Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me, but the heart is not easily closed. Love is strong as death."

Evening found him hastening toward

the Bowen mansion. The house looked desolate. He rang the bell at the great entrance doors. Marthy Johnson answered the imperative summons.

"Lor', Mr. Sumner, Lor', sir!"

"Where are they all, Marthy?" he asked abruptly.

"Gone to de continen', Mr. Sumner. Massa Ellis say, you young folks'll git better lef' by your lonesomes; dat's what he tol' me tell you, sir."

Sumner left her in deep despair. He went home to his father for a brief time and then started for the Continent himself.

At the end of a year, mindful of poor John's devotion, for he vowed not to marry Venus till his master settled down, Sumner returned to America and again sought the Bowen mansion. Again Marthy answered his summons, and told him that the family were at Enson Hall. He did not notice the pity on the woman's face.

He never paused until he reached the pretty little rustic town in Maryland that held his heart, his dove of peace. And then a great fear fell upon him, undefined and foreboding. He sent John on with his luggage to the Hall, and wandered up the country road with beating heart and feverish pulses. In a few minutes he would see her, she would be beside him, loving, forgiving. The tears came into his eyes, and he whispered a prayer. He drew his hat over his face and wandered off across a daisied field until he had overcome his emotion. A little graveyard nestled close beside the road. He was on the broad Enson acres, and in that enclosure dead and gone Ensons had slumbered for centuries. It was cool and shady and restful, and unconsciously he stepped into it.

Suddenly with a great cry he stood still before a fair, slender shaft of polished cream-white marble.

Jewel, aged 21.

"Not my will, but Thine be done!"

He fell down with his face upon her grave. She had died abroad of Roman fever.

* * * * *

Cuthbert Sumner questioned wherein

he had sinned and why he was so severely punished.

Then it was borne in upon him: the sin is the nation's. It must be washed out. The plans of the Father are not changed in the nineteenth century; they are shown us in different forms. The idolatry of the Moloch of Slavery must be purged from the land and his actual sinlessness was but a meet offering to appease the wrath of a righteous God.

Across the lawn of Enson Hall a child—a boy—ran screaming and laughing, chasing a gorgeous butterfly. It was the child of St. Clair Enson and Elise Bradford, the last representative of the Enson family.

Cuthbert watched him with knitted brows. In him was embodied, in a different form, a lesson of the degradation of slavery. Cursed be the practices

which pollute the soul, and deaden all our moral senses to the reception of the true doctrines of Divinity.

The holy institution of marriage ignored in the life of the slave, breed indifference in the masters to the enormity of illicit connections, with the result that the sacred family relation is weakened and finally ignored in many cases. In the light of his recent experiences Cuthbert Sumner views life and eternity with different eyes and thoughts from what he did before he knew that he had wedded Hagar's daughter. Truly had Ellis Enson spoken when he judged him nobler than he knew.

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

THE END.

THE OCTOROON'S REVENGE.

RUTH D. TODD.

He was a tall young fellow, with the figure of an athlete, extremely handsome, with short, black curls and dark eyes.

His companion was a beautiful girl, tall and slight, though exceedingly graceful, with masses of silken hair of a raven blackness, and with eyes large and dreamy, of a deep violet blue.

But while she was the daughter of one of Virginia's royal blue bloods, he was simply a young mulatto coachman in her father's employ.

The young girl was sitting on a mossy bank by the side of a shady brook, while the young man lay at her feet. A carriage with a pair of fine horses stood just at the edge of the wood, across the roadway.

At last the young man spoke, looking up at the girl as he did so, and there was a world of anguish in his sad, dark eyes.

"Lillian, dearest, I am afraid that this must be our last day alone with each other."

"Oh, Harry dear, why so, what has happened? Does any one suspect us?" exclaimed the young girl as she moved swiftly from her seat and knelt by his side. He caught both her hands in his and covered them with kisses before he replied.

"No, dearest, nothing has happened as yet, but something may at any moment, Lillian darling." And the young man raised himself up and clasped the girl passionately to his heart. "It almost drives me mad to tell you, but I must go away."

"Oh, no! no! no! Harry, dear Harry, surely you do not mean what you are saying."

"Yes, darling, I must go! For your sake; for both of our sakes. Think dear one, it is quite possible that we may be found out some day, and then think of the shame and disgrace it will bring to you. Think what a blow it would give your father; what a blight it would cast upon an old and honored name.

Shunned and despised by your most intimate friends, you would be a social outcast. They would lynch me, of course, but for myself I care not. It is of you that I must think, and of your father who has been so very kind to me. Dear heart, I would gladly lay down my life to save your pure and spotless name."

"Harry, dearest, although a few drops of Negro blood flows through your veins, your heart is as noble and your soul as pure as that of any one of my race. I would fain take you by the hand as my own, defying friends, father—defying the world, Harry, for I love you; and if you leave me I shall surely go mad! It would break my heart; it would kill me!" cried the girl, with frantic sobs.

"Oh, God! why was I ever born to wreck so pure and beautiful a heart as this? Why, oh, why is it such a crime for one of Negro lineage to dare to love the woman of his choice?"

"Darling, I wish that we had never met—that I had died before seeing your beautiful face—and then dear one you would be free to love and honor one of your own class; one who would be more worthy of you; at least, worthier than I, a Negro."

"To me, Harry, you are the noblest man on earth, and Negro that you are, I would not have you changed. I only wish, dear, that I also was possessed of Negro lineage, so that you would not think me so far above you. As it is dear—perhaps it is but the teaching of Mammie Nell—but I feel something as though I belonged to your race, at any rate I shall very soon, for whither you go, there too I shall be."

"My darling—what strange words—what do you mean?" he asked anxiously.

"Simply this, that we can elope!"

"Oh, Lillian, dear one, you forget that you are the daughter of one of Virginia's oldest aristocrats!"

"Do not reproach me for that Harry. Have I not thought, and wept, and prayed over it until my eyes were dim and my heart ached? I tell you there is no other way. We could go to Europe. I have always longed to visit Italy and France. Oh, Harry! we could be so happy together!"

"Lillian! Lillian! oh, my dearest!" he cried as he drew her closer within his embrace and pressed passionate kisses on her upturned face. Then he as suddenly put her from him.

"No! No! I am but mortal; do not tempt me. It would be worse than cowardly to do this. I cannot! Oh God! I cannot!"

But the girl wound her beautiful arms around his neck and asked tenderly: "Not even for my sake, Harry? Not even if it was the only thing on earth that would make me happy?"

The soft arms clinging about his neck, the pleading eyes gazing into his, completely stole his senses. He could not draw her closer to him, but his voice shook with emotion as he answered:

"Lillian, I have said that I would die for you, if it would but make you happy. And the thought of taking you away—of making you my wife—drives me wild with joy. Will you trust yourself with me?"

"I am yours—take me to your heart," was her reply.

And he kissed her again passionately, almost madly; he called her sweetheart, wife, and many other endearing names.

* * * * *

A week later the country for miles around was ringing with the news of Lillian Westland's elopement with her father's Negro coachman.

A posse of men and women scoured the country for miles around hoping to find the young people established in some dainty cottage. Cries of "lynch the Nigger, lynch the Nigger!" rang through the woods, and many were the comments, innuendoes and slighting words bestowed upon the young girl, who had been such a pet, but who had now outraged society so grossly.

It was a terrible shock to Lillian's white-haired aristocratic father. He had loved and worshiped his beautiful daughter and only child. But this madness, this ignominious conduct that his well beloved and petted darling had shown, crushed and dazed him, and placed him in a stupor from which it was impossible to arouse him. He shut himself up and refused to see even his most intimate friends.

The short, imploring, pitiful letter he

received from Lillian, confessing all, and begging that in time her father would look upon her conduct a little less harshly, failed to animate him.

A month later, the news of the Hon. Jack Westland's death from suicide was announced by the entire press of that section. A deep mystery was connected with the suicide, of which vague hints were published in the daily papers. But nothing definite being known, the Westland mystery was soon forgotten by the world in general.

By only one person was the key of the mystery held, and she was a servant, who had been in the Westland's employ for many years.

This servant was an octoroon woman of about thirty-five years of age. Her eyes were the most remarkable feature about her. They were large and dark; at times wild and flashing, and again gentle and appealing, which fact conveyed to one the idea of a most romantic history. Her straight nose, well cut mouth and graceful poise of her head and neck showed that she was once a very beautiful creature, as well as an ill-used one, to judge from her story which was as follows:

It was twenty years ago that I first took the position as chambermaid at Westland Towers; I was just sixteen years of age that day—June the 17th, 1875. My mother I never knew, but I was told by an aunt, an only relative of mine, that my mother had been a beautiful quadroon woman, and my father a member of one of Virginia's best families. My aunt having died while I was as yet but ten years old, the hardships and misery I experienced during my wretched existence between ten and sixteen, can better be imagined than described.

The filth and degradation of the low-class Negroes among whom, for lack of means, I was forced to live, disgusted me so that I grew to despise them. I held myself aloof from them and refused to take part in the vulgar frivolities which they indulged in, and occupied my spare moments in study, thereby evoking a torrent of anger and abuse upon my head, from the lowest Negroes. It was therefore with great relief that I accepted a position as chambermaid at Westland

Towers, preferring to live as a servant with white people than to be the most honored guest of the Negroes among whom I had lived. I was young then, and the blood of my father who was a great artist, was stronger in me than that of my mother. Naturally I hated all things dark, loathsome and disagreeable, and my soul thirsted and hungered for the bright sunshine, and the brilliancy and splendor of all things beautiful, which I found at Westland Towers. It was one of the most magnificently beautiful places in Virginia.

The Westland family were of old and proud descent, and consisted of a father, son and a wizened old housekeeper. The son was a handsome man. In fact I will describe him as I saw him for the first time in my life. I was in the act of dusting his private sitting room, when I turned and saw this handsome young man standing in the doorway. The expression on his face was one of ardent admiration. His violet blue eyes, as they gazed into mine seeming to read my very soul, had a charm about them which drew me to him in spite of myself. His short curls, which lay about his high aristocratic forehead shone like bright gold, and a soft, light mustache hid a mouth which was better acquainted with a smile than a sneer. His figure was tall and stalwart, though as graceful as a woman's, and altogether, he impressed me as being by far the most handsome man I had ever seen.

He spoke to me pleasantly, kindly, and with a gentleness which seemed to thrill my very soul. I was young and foolish, unused to the ways of the world and of men, and when his blue eyes looked into mine, so appealingly, and his gentle, musical voice spoke to me so tenderly, telling me that I was the most beautiful girl in all the world, and that he loved me passionately, nay madly, adding that if I would only be his, he would place me in a beautiful house with servants, horses and carriages; telling me that I should have beautiful dresses and jewelry and that all within the household should worship me, I laid my head upon his breast and told him I would be his.

But when I asked him if we could not

marry he replied that it was impossible. That if he ever married one of colored blood, his father's anger would be so great as to cause his disinheritance, and that then he could not place his darling in a high position, adding that being born a gentleman, it would go hard with him to try to earn his own livelihood, all of which seemed to me a very fitting excuse. He also told me that it was not a marriage certificate or the words of a ceremony which made us man and wife. That marriages were made in Heaven, and if we loved each other and lived together, God would look down on us and bless our union, adding that he would always love me and never leave me. Oh, God! that was a bitter trial! I had no mother to advise me; no friend to go to for assistance, and the very thought of giving him up for the filth and degradation from which I came, tortured me for days, during which time my great love for him overcame all obstacles, and on the 4th of July, I found myself living in a luxury of love.

We lived together for eighteen months, during which time no sorrow came to me, save the death of a baby boy. Oh, they were happy days! I was assuredly the happiest girl in all Virginia. But there came evil times. His father died, and of course he had to leave me for a time to attend to important duties.

I was sorry for his father's death and I was also glad, thinking that now no obstacle being in the way, he would surely marry me. But in this I was doomed to bitter disappointment.

A young and beautiful lady, a distant cousin of his, stole his heart from me, and when I received a letter from him telling me that grave duties confronted him, and though it broke his heart to say it, he must part from me, offering me an annuity of five hundred dollars, a great lump rose in my throat which seemed to choke me. I felt my heart breaking. The things before my eyes began to dance and gloat at me in my anguish. Then everything grew dark and I knew no more for several weeks. When I regained consciousness, my first impulse was to kill myself, but remembering that in a few months I would become a mother for the second time,

I stayed my hand. I also accepted the annuity of five hundred dollars, thinking that if my little one lived, it would amount to a small fortune when of age. My love died, and in its stead lived hatred and thirst for vengeance. I thought constantly of the words:

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

And likened them unto myself. I was young; I could be patient for years, but an opportunity presented itself sooner than I expected. Eight months before the birth of my child, which was a girl, Jack Westland married, and one year after his marriage, his beautiful young wife was called away by death, the cause of which was a tiny baby girl. The death of his young wife caused him such anguish that he shut himself up and would see no one. He would not even look upon the face of the poor motherless babe. He bade the housekeeper to procure a wet nurse for the infant, which was a delicate little thing, and as there were no other to be obtained, they sought me out and begged me to take the position as nurse.

I obstinately refused at first, but on learning that Jack would soon go abroad to try and divert his mind, I accepted; for an idea that would suit my purpose exactly, flashed through my brain. The two babies were almost exactly alike, both having violet blue eyes and dark hair. Indeed the only difference between them was that my baby was four months older. Supposing that the young heiress should die? Could I not deftly change the babies? I would try at all events.

Accordingly it was arranged that I should, as a competent nurse go to some watering place on account of the young heiress' health.

All things went as I had hoped. The young heiress as I expected died, and I mourned her death as that of my own, and when I returned to Westland Towers, no one noticed any change, but that the sea air had improved the baby's health wonderfully.

When Jack returned home two years later, he saw a beautiful, blue eyed baby girl, with jet black curls about her little neck. He greeted me kindly, but there was no touch of passion in his voice.

In fact he treated me as an exalted servant which made me hate him all the more.

"He was glad," he said "that I took such an interest in the welfare of little Lillian," and he asked me if there was any special thing that he could do to repay me. There was one thing I desired above all others, and that was the education of a mulatto lad of ten years of age, who worked about the stables. I asked him if he would send the lad to some industrial institution, which request he readily granted. There is but little more to tell. My little girl grew to be a beautiful young lady, the pet and leader among Virginia's most exclusive circle. But the teachings of her old mammie Nellie, she never forgot.

Her sympathy was always for the poor and lowly, and though there were scores of young men of aristocratic blood seeking her heart and hand, she preferred, as I intended she should, the colored youth, Harry Stanly.

"It was the result of this little episode

of the change in the babies, which I related to Jack Westwood, after the elopement, that caused him to commit suicide, and as he leaves everything to his daughter Lillian, I hope we shall live happily hereafter," said Mammie Nellie, as she arose and rung for lights.

"My poor abused mother!" exclaimed both Harry and Lillian simultaneously, who had just joined her in New York City, as both threw a loving arm tenderly around her neck. "And now," said Lillian, "your revenge is complete. Let us close up the house, and go abroad. We can remain away several years, traveling and enjoying the beauties of the Old World. What do you say to this?"

"A capital idea," said Harry.

"As well as a practical one, for even here in New York race feeling sometimes runs very high!" exclaimed the octoroon avenger, with a curl of scorn about her mouth, and a triumphant light flashing from her beautiful dark eyes.

JOHN MITCHELL, JR.*

The Brave Editor of the "Richmond Planet," and Uncompromising Foe of Lynching.

CYRUS FIELD ADAMS.

The world-wide attention accorded to the evil of lynching Afro-Americans in the Southland, makes pertinent at this time a sketch of one who has been brave enough to denounce the practice in the section where it finds its strongest defenders.

By his uncompromising war on lynching and all other forms of lawlessness, John Mitchell, Jr., editor of the *Richmond Planet*, has attracted the attention of the country to his newspaper and has gained for himself the respect, not only of his own people, but also that of the Southern Caucasians who admire fearlessness, even if found in the despised Afro-American.

John Mitchell, Jr., is pre-eminently a man of courage and has the reputation

of being the bravest Afro-American editor in the country. Although living in the former capital of the Southern Confederacy, surrounded by unreconstructed rebels, he has displayed that firmness of spirit and swell of soul which meets danger without fear.

Born of slave parents, July 11, 1863, in Henrico county, Virginia, his early life was spent in the city of Richmond, where he was carried when about two years of age. His mother was a seamstress and his father a coachman. Mitchell's mother was a woman of strong character, native ability and was able to read and write. From her he obtained the rudiments of an education. At the age of eight years, young Mitchell began his journalistic career by ped-

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dling newspapers. When he was ten years of age he became carriage boy for James Lyons, a rich lawyer and a typical Southerner, who had owned young Mitchell's parents before the war. Lyons made many trips to his farm in Henrico county and was usually accompanied by the boy. Lyons did not believe in education for Afro-Americans, and was bitterly opposed to young Mitchell's enlightenment, but his mother realized the value of knowledge and made many sacrifices to keep John in school.

In 1876, young Mitchell entered the Richmond Normal School, and the next year won a silver medal for scholarship. A competition in map drawing took place at the Fair Grounds, near Richmond, a gold medal having been offered for the best map of Virginia. Young Mitchell was a competitor, but he lost, though he tried very hard. This defeat served to spur him on to greater efforts. After some time he produced another map which was exhibited to the school in May, 1881. Hon. A. M. Riley, then minister in Austria and later one of the judges of the Court of the Khedive of Egypt, saw it and said that it was worthy of a special gold medal and he would be the one to present it. When Mr. Riley presented the medal, June 5, 1881, he stated that the map of Virginia drawn by young Mitchell was the best ever executed by any pupil in the state. He also won another gold medal in an oratorical contest in which there were five competitors. Mitchell graduated from the high school in 1881 with the highest honors.

Then he became a school teacher, teaching two sessions at Fredericksburg, Va., during the years 1881-2 and 1882-3. He also taught one year at Richmond, and while so employed became correspondent for the New York Freeman.

About this time the Richmond Planet newspaper had been started by a stock company. There were dissensions, and the paper was in a very shaky condition when Mitchell was elected editor and finally assumed entire control of the publication. He was opposed to all

forms of lawlessness, and his cry of "lynch law must go," attracted the attention of the country. For years he carried a list of all lynchings in his paper, and the Planet was regarded as an authority on that subject. He has given great attention to outrages on his race. His exposure of the murder of James Banks, an Afro-American, by a Caucasian police officer, first called public attention to the Planet. The jury had decided that Banks came to his death by some strange, unknown disease, and that no one was to blame. Mitchell condemned this verdict, and charged the officer with murder. He was summoned before the grand jury, an attempt having been made to indict him for libel, but the case was finally dropped.

Finding that the man had been unmercifully clubbed by the officer, Mitchell consulted four Afro-American physicians in order to have the body exhumed and an examination made. He found, after much inquiry, that the body was in the dead house of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. He at once started for that city, and on going into the dead house, saw portions of the body which were being hidden as he entered. As he did not know the murdered man his search was fruitless. He was locked in the dead house by his guide, but managed to get out, and after searching some time for the physician in charge without success, returned to Richmond in time to appear at court the next day, but nothing further was done.

Mitchell's courage was again shown when Richard Walker was lynched in Charlotte county, Va. The lynching occurred at Smithville, about eighty-six miles from Richmond. Editor Mitchell condemned the affair and declared that the murderers should be punished. The week after the editorial appeared he received a letter containing a piece of hemp; on the envelope there were a skull and cross bones. The writer threatened to hang Mitchell should he visit the country.

Editor Mitchell wrote an editorial declaring that he would visit the country, concluding with a quotation from Shakespeare:

"There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me like the idle winds
Which I respect not."

Arming himself with a brace of Smith & Wesson revolvers, he reached Charlotte county before daybreak, drove five miles to the scene of the lynching, visited the jail, was locked in while he inspected it, and returned to Richmond the next day. The cowardly letter writer was no where in evidence and the brave editor was not molested. This act caused Rev. W. J. Simmons, D. D., author of "Men of Mark," to denominate him "the bravest Afro-American editor on the continent."

Editor Mitchell has interested himself in saving many persons from the gallows and in securing the release of numbers of Afro-Americans from jails and penitentiaries. Noticeably among these is the case of Simon Walker, aged 15 years, who was sentenced to be hanged on a charge of having assaulted a Caucasian girl, a crime of which he was innocent. His sentence was commuted to twenty years in the penitentiary by Major General Fitzhugh Lee, who was then governor of Virginia. It was in 1888 that Governor Lee was induced to reprieve Walker. He did this thrice, and the third time it was the night before the day of execution.

Chesterfield C. H., is sixteen miles from Richmond. The death watch had been set, the gallows built and the grave dug. Lawyer E. S. Robinson, who had been employed by Editor Mitchell as counsel for Walker, was at the Governor's mansion awaiting his decision. Editor Mitchell was at his newspaper office and it was nearly ten o'clock when Robinson appeared with the reprieve which commuted the boys' sentence to twenty years in the penitentiary. "This must be delivered at Chesterfield, C. H. at once," he said, "and the boy brought from the county before daylight or he will be lynched." Mitchell immediately went in search of a horse and buggy, secured one, and armed with a double-barrel shot gun loaded with buck shot,

and a brace of revolvers, he started down the lonely Chesterfield turnpike. The night was dark and rainy, but he journeyed on, reaching the Chesterfield jail about two o'clock. A light glimmered before the jail door where an armed guard was pacing up and down before Simon Walker's cell. His mission was made known to the jailer, who stated that nothing could be done until Sheriff Gill was found, and Gill lived seven miles from the jail.

Again Editor Mitchell started out upon his mission. The roads were rough and it was necessary to inquire the way at the farm houses which he passed, but he finally reached the Sheriff's house, aroused him, secured a double team and returned to the jail. Walker was attired in the clothes which were intended as his burial garments, and was placed on the top of some hay in the wagon, while the sheriff and his deputy sat on front and Mitchell guarded the rear. The streaks of dawn could be seen in the East as the party arrived in sight of Richmond. Stopping in the roadway, the sheriff came over to the buggy occupied by Mitchell and seemed astounded to find that he was so heavily armed. Simon Walker was not handcuffed, and few people who saw him walking up Broad street to the photograph gallery where his picture was taken, knew that at that moment a large crowd was gathered at Chesterfield, C. H., awaiting his execution. Walker is now in the penitentiary, and a few more years will witness his release from that institution.

The case of Isaac Jenkins, who was beaten, shot and an attempt afterwards made to send him to the penitentiary, attracted great attention at the time. Editor Mitchell accompanied him from Norfolk, Va., to the jail at Suffolk. He was charged with arson and poisoning horses, although he was innocent. Counsel was employed and he was acquitted. He died last year in New Jersey.

One of the most important cases in which Mitchell was interested was that of the three Lunenburg women, Pokey Barnes, Mary Abernathy and Mary Barnes, charged with the murder of

Mrs. Lucy Jane Pollard, a Caucasian. Two were sentenced to be hanged, and one was given ten years in the penitentiary. Editor Mitchell employed three lawyers, Hon. Geo. D. White, ex-Judge H. W. Flournoy and Hon. A. B. Guigon, at a cost of \$1,500 to defend them. The case was carried to the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, and after a contest of two years, they won the case and secured the release of the women who reside in Richmond today. In this case Mitchell paid the Pinkerton Detective Agency \$1,000 to secure evidence which resulted in the breaking down of the prosecution.

Mitchell's good work for the race made him president of the Afro-American Press Association. He has served as a member of the Common Council and six years as member of the Board of Aldermen of Richmond.

Mr. Mitchell is very prominent in secret society circles. He is at present Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, Knights of Pythias, Grand Worthy Counsellor of the Grand Court of Virginia, Independent Order of Calanthe, Brigadier-General of the Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, President of the Pythian Calanthe Industrial Association of Virginia.

Mr. Mitchell's latest venture in the business line is the organization of the Mechanics' Savings Bank of Richmond, of which he is president.

The Richmond Planet, which has long enjoyed a high reputation among Afro-American journals throughout the country, was founded December 8, 1883. It was owned by the Planet Publishing Company, which was succeeded by

John Mitchell, Jr., as editor and proprietor. For many years it occupied the building at 222 E. Broad street and the Old Swan Tavern at No. 814 E. Broad street. In 1898, the three-story building at No. 311 N. Fourth street was purchased. This contains eleven rooms which are now occupied by the printing plant—business office, composing rooms, stereotyping rooms, stock rooms and boiler room. There are eight regular employees.

Starting as a slave, with nothing but his pluck and determination to succeed, John Mitchell, Jr., has built up a plant which is today worth not less than \$10,000.

As a public speaker, Mr. Mitchell is pleasing and forceful. His gracefulness upon the rostrum and the fervid eloquence of his rhetoric have gained for him many encomiums. He has few equals as a debater, and his sharp thrusts, which are, however, unmarred by scurrilous assertions, win the respect of even his opponents.

Bold, fearless and aggressive as a writer, personally courageous to a fault, Mr. Mitchell is an intense lover of his race, in the defense of which he has contributed liberally of his worldly goods and devoted his talents and the best years of his life.

Mitchell's life affords a striking illustration of what can be accomplished by industry and determination. From the humblest beginning he has risen to a position of influence. It is a long distance from slave to bank president, but John Mitchell, Jr., has spanned the space.



A LATTER-DAY EDEN.

CHARLES YOUNG.

[This poem was written by Captain Young especially for THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, just before he sailed for the Philippines.]

It was a twentieth century eden, mine;
 A modern Adam, I; and for my Eve,
 God gave a winsome woman with senses fine
 Who deemed the cloth-of-life of golden weave.
 'Mid trees whereon hung riches, pleasure, glory,
 Again thro' eden's garden went we twain,
 Care-free and gay as when in ancient story
 The first fair Eve with Adam led the train
 Of all the living down the vernal vales,
 And threaded sun-flecked shadowed paths of paradise;
 Or rested at the noon in those sweet-scented bowers
 In trustful love, while drinking from each other's eyes
 Mutual content and joy and happiness for hours.

The feast with plenty flower-crowned,
 Sweet music's most enchanting strain,
 Dance with her deft and measured round,
 And lays
 Of poet-praise
 Were ours: and counted not as vain.
 Ah, eden days indeed! days of delight
 That melted into golden mist at night!
 We drank from selfish satisfaction's cup,
 Content, and toyed
 With life's ideals. Drank the dregs (ah, sorry sup!)
 Of sin and cloyed.

Riches, success, soft ease, and luxury
 Were our cup-bearers round our bounteous board,
 Disguised devil-gods, who from the tree
 Of life made their wit-stealing wine and poured
 For us a heaven-forbidden draught and smiled
 While merriment amused and sense beguiled.

Then fled the joy, alack! that filled the heart!
 Saddened companions, see, we sit apart!
 Oh, day of wrath! alas, the fateful hour!
 O'er all our eden blew a blighting wind
 Stifling and sickening spirit, bird and flower;
 Sapping our souls, for we had sinned!—had sinned!
 Dark sorrow's dismal night enwrapped us round,
 Our once calm bosoms were despair's abode;
 No balm for the soul's healing could be found!

Close by our bower the wraiths of unrest rode,
Unbridled fears were loosed, remorse was calling
From the dim distance ne'er-agains appalling.
I knew that naught in me with this fell state could cope,
So led my sickened love into the house of hope.

And there—ah, there:

Gloom and despair!

Clad in th' habiliments of woe,
How helpless hope is lying,
Her lamp of life is burning low,
Her attendant sisters dying:
Faith, fainting, finds, alas! too late
Friendship's best bonds are interest,
And gray-robed death she doth await,
His coming deems a welcome guest.

Love lifts her eyes to heaven in prayer
While her brightest stars are paling;
But a gleam of blessing finds she there
The earth's a place of wailing;
'Tho' the arms that clasped her yesterday
When all the world was green and bright
Are loosed and gone for aye—for aye,
Slinking away beneath the night.

Then pointed love aloft, her eyes in sorrowing gaze,
We heard an angel-voice from out a golden haze,
Say soft in accents soothing, gracious, kind,—
Delicious as sweet-scented south-land wind:
"Ah, man! ah, woman! for each wasted year
May you atone, God says!—But 'tis not here.
Forth from your eden! Leave illusion land,
Go to the struggling poor, weep round the bier,
The lowly lift and dry misfortune's tear!
Of every race, each is your brother man:
Try what your loving ministrations can.
Encourage him, remove oppression's heel,
And with each daily doing learn to feel.
Work, man! work, woman, without recompense,
Nor expectant of reward or grateful sense!
Work for the land's uplifting, for the right:
For work alone leads back again to light.
God's law for restoration, earthly neighbor,
Of thy soul-joy again from grief is LABOR!



THE NEGRO AND THE STAGE.

(The Drama.)

BOB COLE.

"To hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature; to show Virtue her own features, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."
— *Hamlet*.

I trust there will be no occasion for surprise on the part of the readers of this article, as to my choice and treatment of this subject, "The Negro and the Stage." It is to the "Negro" of the title naturally that I am eternally, though complacently, indebted for my existence, being one and a part of what that name implies. And to the "Stage" of the title because I owe it to my profession thereon, that I write this article, and every dictate of taste and fidelity impels me to honor it.

I hope this article will not be accepted in the form of a plea or an apology, but as an effort prompted by moral duty to bring to your knowledge and consideration the Negro's participation in the evolution of things dramatic, leaving you to reckon whether the Negro is or has been a dispensable or an indispensable factor in bringing the stage to its present advanced position.

In recounting the negro association with the stage I will not only cite instances of direct participation, but I will also attempt to recall the influence of the existence of the Negro and race on the minds and works of dramatists from its origin to the present.

I will preface that effort by acquainting the reader of the fact that the Negro has been left out of the history of the drama for the same reason, I suppose, that he has been left out of other recorded things, historiographers and instances where he does accidentally appear are noticeably marked by active prejudice. Notwithstanding this handi-

cap, enough historical knowledge of the Negro's dramatic participation has been unearthed to establish a reason for future consideration and to prove doubly interesting as a review. That the church is responsible for the origin of the drama is an undisputed fact, and I have enough historic and pre-historic proofs to be able to assert that the Negro is closely associated, if not directly responsible for the origin of the stage entertainments.

We find that Diodorus in speaking of the Thebous, so writes Volney in his "Ruins of Empires." The Ethiopians, probably born under the sun's path, its warmth may have ripened them before other men, inventors of divine worship, festivals, solemn assemblies, etc. Now, insomuch as we grant the Negro the first to acquire the arts, 'tis an allowable presumption that he was first in all the requisites of art. Although the costuming and attitude of some of the figures all lately unearthed and long ago discovered statues would be substantive grounds for presumption, we will review the recorded facts pertaining to the matter beginning with the Greek dramatist.

Aeschylus, the First, most powerful of the Greek dramatists, made use of the Negro in his great plays, notably "Agamemnon," in which he introduced Mermon, the Ethiopian warrior of Hames' creation. Sophocles used the same methods as his predecessor. Euripides next we find using Ethiopians for certain effects in his choruses. So

we find the Negro in the Greek dramatic epoch. Now to the next epoch—the Spanish:

Little can be learned of the Negro being used by the Spanish writers, and owing to the scarcity of translations of their drama and slight knowledge we have of their costumes we can hope for but little from them.

But in the next epoch—the English—we find enough to satisfy the most exacting. So let us begin at that point when Shakespeare was the central figure. We find that he made great usage of the races of Ethiopian origin in some of his masterpieces, notably "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Cleopatra."

I don't want to be understood as meaning the characters embodied in the above masterpieces by Shakespeare are Negroes as we would imply the term at present, but I contend that they being the color they were and living under their condition as existed then, the spirit of the times prompted Shakespeare to use them as dramatic motives.

What plainer evidence can there be of the existence of caste and prejudice than that which is found in the stirring lines of "Othello and Cleopatra" or the beautiful speech of the Prince of Morocco before Portia in the "Merchant of Venice?" In these plays Shakespeare established a precedent for dramatists to use darker races for technical reasons. But up to this writing none have handled the matter as deftly and broadly as did the "Immortal Bard," for in these plays, based on prejudice and caste we find a feast of literature of a sufficiency to feed generations yet to come, and lessons embodied, which, if needed, would strike death blows to now existing racial problems.

Following Shakespeare we find several instances where the black man is brought to bear in the drama. We find in 1603 on Nov. 19, entered on the books of the Stationary Company in London, a play called "A Black Wedding," and it was of some literary merit. It had, as the title suggests, the black man for its theme of construction. Next in order came the interlude by

Cox, "The Black Man," produced in 1659 to great success. Then came the tragedy by Roger Earl of Onery, called "The Black Prince," produced in 1669 and 1672, Duke of York's Theatre. This was the most notable production in that dramatic era that we have any record of. We have the knowledge of a comic opera produced at Drury Lane Theatre, 1776, called "The Black-a-Moore Washed White." This proved a dramatic failure. Following this failure there was a long interval before the Black Man was used for dramatic material on the English stage, and during which interval let us turn our attention to the French stage.

In the history of the French drama we find a great deal to aid us in our researches for establishing a high status for the "Negro and the Stage." Not that the dramatist used the Black Man as a theme in writing, but that the foremost dramatists themselves were of Negro origin, and men who boasted of the Negro blood in their veins. So in this instance we review the Negro as a dramatist.

Alexander Dumas (Pere) was born at Villens Cotterets Aisne, France, July 24, 1803, died Dec. 5, 1870. His father, General Dumas, a Frenchman, his mother, a San Domingo Negress. He wrote many plays, some of which have aided materially in keeping France ahead of the world dramatically. Plays from his pen which most Americans are familiar with are "Les Trois Mousquetaires," produced in 1841. It's known here as "The Three Musketeers," and 'twas with much pleasure that I saw everybody so deeply interested in it two years ago. Another from his pen that has pleased two generations of Americans, ("Le Comte de Monte Cristo,") The Count of Monte Cristo. He reached the highest position possible for a literary man in France, and his death was deeply mourned by that country.

His son, Alexander Dumas (fils), born in Paris, July 27, 1824, proved a worthy successor to his father's literary crown. His ("San Dome Aux Camelia,") Camille, and ("Henry de Navarre,") Henry

of Navarre, will ever stand as monuments to his fame.

Now we come to the Negro on the American stage, and I am sorry to announce that I find the American dramatist making severe usages of the Negro in their plays. They either use the Negro as villain, part villain in every instance with but few exceptions. And this has had a great deal to aid in keeping alive racial prejudices. We will mention a few American plays of note in which American dramatists have made use of Negroes and note with what severity they have characterized the Negro: Bartley Campbell's "White Slave," a part villain; "The Octoroon," villain; Mark Twain's "Puddenhew Wilson," villain; "Southern Romance," villain; "Wife for Wife," "At Piney Ridge," "The Great Ruby," all in same category, excepting the last, which is slightly moderated. Now in none of the above plays have the dramatists accomplished anything worth mentioning by severely scoring the Negro. The only thing they have succeeded in doing is to have proven themselves bad dramatists. Perceiving their literary or constructive shortcomings they seemed to have resorted to dragging a Negro character in as villain or part villain, as a subterfuge expecting the prejudice of the audience against the Negro to be the means of saving the play.

Now the notable exceptions to the above rule are Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Wm. Gillette's "Secret Service," "On the Swanee River," "The Man in Black." To the authors of these plays the Negro race will ever be indebted for the humane manner in which the dramatists have characterized them in these plays.

We find that in no instance have the dramatists of the first class of plays mentioned conformed with the essentialities of their calling, which exact that each play should teach a good and healthy moral lesson. In each instance where the playwright has resorted to injecting the Negro in as a villain, thief, robber, or murderer, he has failed to accomplish anything other than demonstrating his technical weaknesses, de-

moralize the imaginations of his audiences, and heap irreparable injustices upon an unconscious part of humanity. We grant that in "Othello" Shakespeare caused the Moor to slay fair Desdemona, but the lesson taught in the great play is not one of prejudicial time but of the power of emotion of jealousy.

He does not paint the Moor as a thing to be abhorred, but makes of him a prince and gentleman. A man of great consequence to the state, and any audience who views a good production of "Othello" will leave the theatre with a stronger hate for "Iago" than for "Othello." In William Gillette's "Secret Service" a negro servant is introduced in a short scene in which he shows his love for his young mistress' lover by an effort in which he places his life in jeopardy. Mr. Gillette here shows to the world his broadness and keen insight of Negro loyalty to his master and family in those trying times which tested the manhood of the Black Man. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Gillette and his clever play, "Secret Service."

In coming to the last play to discuss, I feel no small degree of pride in knowing that I belong to a race, the existence of which prompted the timely writing of it—America's greatest literary and dramatic product, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This is the only dramatic effort of American moulding, embodying every phrase of Americanism that Fair Columbia can rightly boast of. In this grand old play you will find the timely voice of humanity crying aloud to the hearts of men to "Harken unto me." More good has been wrought to the American people by the advent of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the literary and dramatic horizon than volumes could record.

It showed plainly to the better white mankind the abject depravity of his brother, and to the Black Man it taught the lesson of divine dependence and religious toleration. And to all it sounded the first keynote to the "Brotherhood of Mankind," crying aloud, "do unto others as you would have them do to you." I regret exceedingly that

more of my race do not make an effort to see the grand old play. Most refrain from seeing it because it appears brutal, and especially in these times of racial prejudice. Most feel somewhat belittled when they watch the chase of the bloodhounds, the heartless slave sale, the inhuman whipping post, the murder of Uncle Tom by the heartless Legree. But mark you the depravity of the slave-owner, the cruelty of the slave-driver can have no other effect than to arouse in your bosom a sense of pity for the primitive white American for his inherent brutality. See the old play now after thirty years or more since it began its usefulness, and it stands out as a stigma to the white American for his brutal treatment of a helpless people, and mark the starting point from which the Black Man has journeyed to his present position, showing an unprecedented degree of progress.

Insomuch as it is an essential thing for the drama to keep alive pity, the old play is still demonstrating its usefulness; but instead of there being cause now for the white to pity the black for their enslaved condition, as was the case thirty years ago, it now teaches the black to pity the white for their inhumanity. And, above all, it abounds in lessons of good, healthy morals, encompassed in solid Christian sentiments. I would advise every Negro to see the play if possible. The most notable production at present is that of W. A. Brady. Should any of the readers run across his production you will not feel any the worse for seeing it.

Now as to the Negro's direct participation as an actor in the dramatic entertainment. We find more to show that he has learned more in sphere of comedy, appealing more to the emotion of laughter than anything else, and in my next article I will show to what extent he has dealt with that emotion.

Still in the field of drama no higher tribute could be paid or was ever paid an actor, white or black, than has been accorded Ira Aldridge, the Negro actor, historically known as the "Black Roscius," born in Bellain, Me., in 1810, died at Lodz, Poland, Aug. 7, 1866; in early

life was valet to Edmond Kean, by close study and observation he developed into one of the greatest actors of his time, and his impersonation of "Othello" marks the highest achievement of the Negro on the stage. No Negro has as yet reached that stage of perfection and demanded the artistic attention as did Mr. Aldridge.

But we have had some dramatic effort in the last thirty years worthy of unstinted applause. "Out of Bondage," by the Hyer sisters and Sam Lucas, goes down on the scroll of the drama as a commendable event. Sam Lucas is justly accredited with being the first Negro to contend to play dramatic roles, and his impersonation of Uncle Tom stands among the best. Mrs. Stowe, after seeing him play the character of Uncle Tom, wrote him that he was nearer to the character than any actor she had ever seen.

Mr. Lucas was the first of the race to have a drama written expressly for him, viz., "Restored."

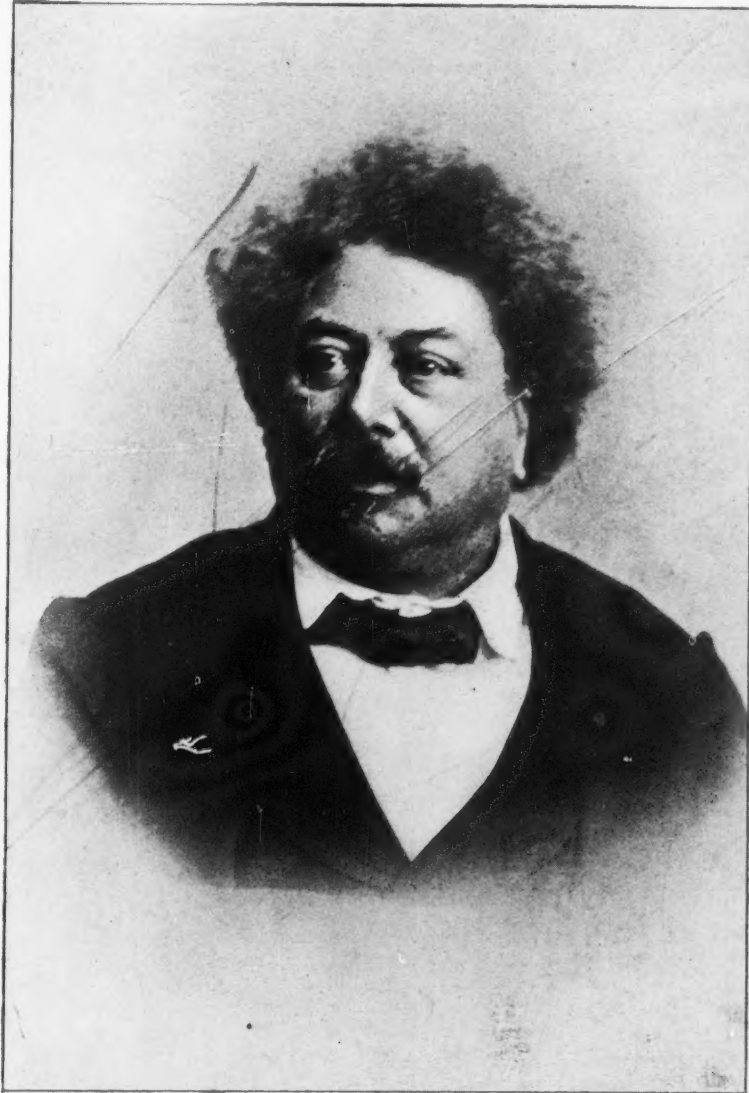
William McClain also had a play written for him and successfully toured one season. Earnest Hogan wrote and presented "Old Tennessee" to some success. Other than amateur performances of drama we have no record of dramatic undertaking by the Negro. But the future looks more than bright for the Negro and the stage, now that the recruits to the stage are men and women of some intellectual ability and a spirit to move on so we can expect much.

Another good sign toward the advancement of the Negro on the stage is observed in the spirit of some of the leading literary men of the race. In a recent talk with T. Thomas Fortune, I find that he will, at no long distant day, launch on the boards a drama, dealing with Negro life of the present. Mr. Dunbar has always held the stage as a field for early operation. And I am sure Mr. Chestnut and Miss Hopkins would find the stage a fitting field to do a great good.

I note with much pleasure the spirit of the white writers of Negro life, notably Ruth Emery Stuart and Mrs. Caroline H. Pemberton, to stage their

production. When Dr. Frizzel of Hampton Institution told me of the success of Miss Stuart's "Golden Wedding," as done by the students, I was pleased beyond expression, because I knew it marked a turning point in the

by American Negroes. Among the clever young writers of some promise I predict a bright future for James W. Johnson, J. A. Shipp, Wm. Estren. Each of the above has shown some skill in play building. They have touched



ALEXANDER DUMAS (PERE).

See page 302.

career of the Negro and the Stage. I see the students gave another dramatic entertainment this year. Although pioneers, they are laying ground for a good work.

But the greatest dramas of Negro life will be written by Negroes themselves, and I think the day not far off when the American public will witness a play

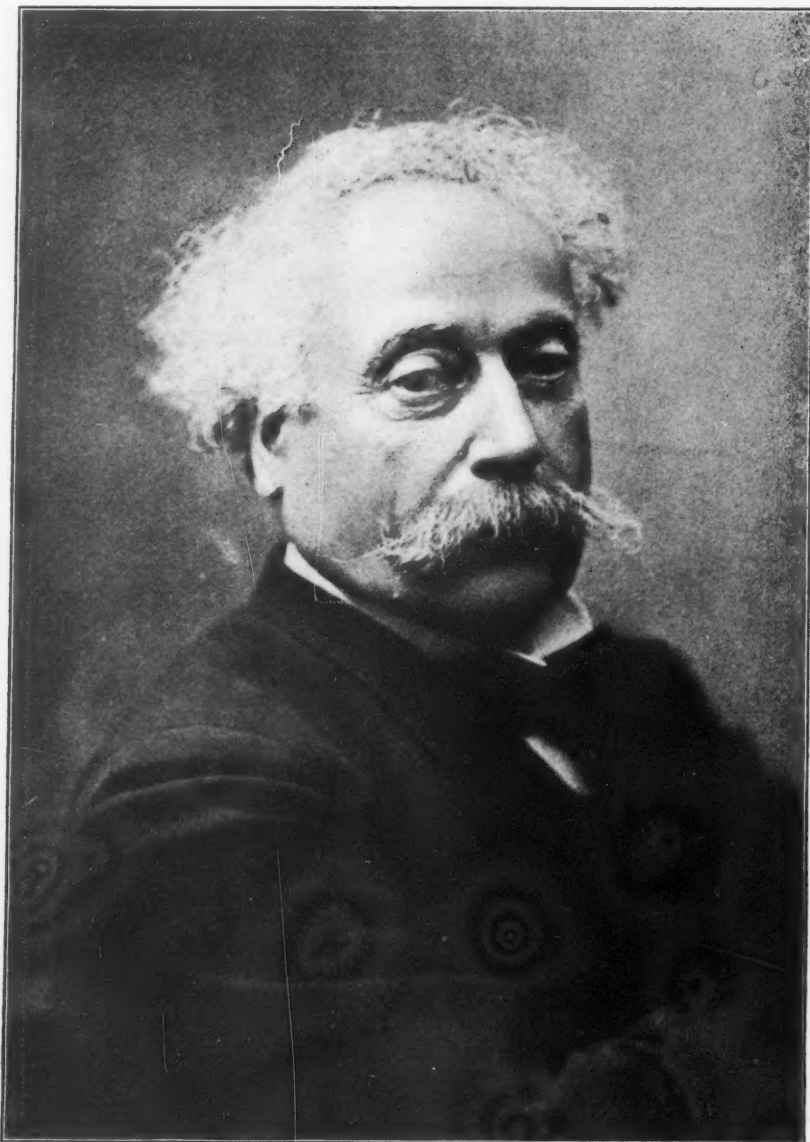
only comedy up to the present, but each is fully capable and ambitious to attempt something heavier.

A word of praise is due the musicians of the race who write for the stage. They have forged themselves way ahead of the other writers.

L. Coledridge Taylor, who wrote the music for Stephen Phillips' "Herod".

has given the premeir achievement so far. Will Marion Cook stands next in order, with Rosamond Johnson, and Willis Accooe as close. A great deal can be expected of these young men, and in a short time at that. I learn that the

H. Pemberton, writing in corroboration with James W. Johnson. The libretto for Will Marion Cook's opera, "The Cannibal King," also libretto for Willis Accooe, and preparing several big musical numbers for Klaw and Erlanger and



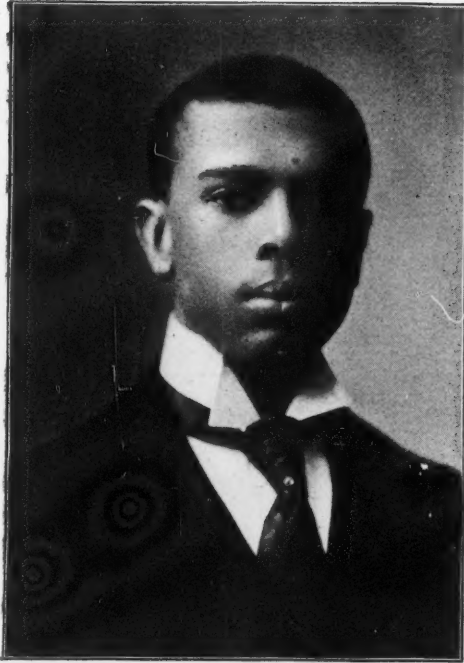
ALEXANDER DUMAS (FILS).

See page 302.

coming season will see some of their works produced in elaborate shape.

I can't say what the other writers are preparing for production, but I can speak for myself. I was never so busy as I find myself at present, dramatizing a novel of Negro life for Mrs. Caroline

May Irwin in collaboration with Rosamond Johnson and James W. Johnson, I have little time to idle away. And allowing all others to be as busy as I, why I see nothing else but future brightness for the Negro and the Stage.



JAMES W. JOHNSON.
See page 302.



ROSAMOND JOHNSON.
See page 302.



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

A native of Janesville, Wisconsin, Miss Clara B. Hall, is the youngest daughter of the late James B. and Mrs. Eva Hall, who were pioneer settlers of that enterprising Wisconsin town.

Miss Hall attended the public schools of that city and also received some special instruction in oil painting. She is an ardent admirer of art works of all kinds. On leaving school she entered the office of the Evening Republican and was there initiated into the mysteries of the typographical art. Miss Hall later held positions on the Daily Gazette of the same city; the Fon-du-

Lac News; the West Superior Citizen; the X-Ray, Duluth, Minn., and is at present one of the linotype operators with the Democrat Printing Company of Madison, Wis.

Peter Postell, who died recently at Hopkinsville, Ky., was said to be one of the richest negroes in the south. He was 60 years old, had been a slave in his youth and left an estate valued at \$500,000.

Col. John S. Fielding was born in Lancaster, Ohio, Jan. 26, 1870. He en-

tered the Lancaster public schools at the age of six and graduated from the high school June 10, 1886.

He went to Cincinnati, Ohio, in June, 1886, and at once found employment with the Cincinnati Bank as messenger, which position he filled with credit, until the bank closed its doors.

He is a member of the K. of P., and

He left Nashville and went to Chattanooga, and from there to Louisville, Ky., where he learned the barber trade. In June, 1899, he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, and in September of the same year he and his partner, John S. Fielding opened a place of business, and to-day they control the finest tonsorial parlor in Cincinnati.



OFFICE OF "THE PLANET," RICHMOND, VA. See page 295.

Court of Calanthe. He is a partner in the firm of Frierson and Fielding, tonsorial artists, also secretary of the Colored Citizens' Protective League, and an employee of the C. H. & D. Railroad Company.

Mr. Frank J. Frierson was born in Columbia, Murray County, Tenn., on January 18, 1872. He entered the public school at Nashville, Tenn., at the age of nine, but was forced to close his school career at the age of sixteen.

Mr. Frierson is a prominent member of the K. of P., the Elks, and withal is a very genial gentleman. He is also a member of the Colored Citizens' Protective League.

Mr. George Cook of Nina, N. Y., was born in 1865, and succeeded in raising himself from the position of water boy to that of superintendent of the very large plant owned by the Campbell Brick Company. The company employs forty-five men and the output of the plant is

six million bricks a year. Mr. Cook obtained this position by hard work and study, and by his being an honest and industrious man. He was foreman of this plant for seven years, and was then made superintendent, which position he now holds.

ceived high recommendations from all his former employers.

Frank T. Ware, a leading colored business man of Staunton, Virginia, whose portrait appears in this issue, was born a slave in that city on May 15, 1843.



JOHN MITCHELL, JR.

The Brave Editor of the Richmond Planet, and Uncompromising Foe of Lynching.

See page 295.

He also holds the position of assistant superintendent of Union Mission Sunday School, Nina, N. Y., which was organized in April, 1901; is corresponding secretary of Nina L. T. L., organized in June, 1901, and is also a hard worker in the temperance cause among his people.

Mr. Cook has been in the brick business for twenty-six years and has re-

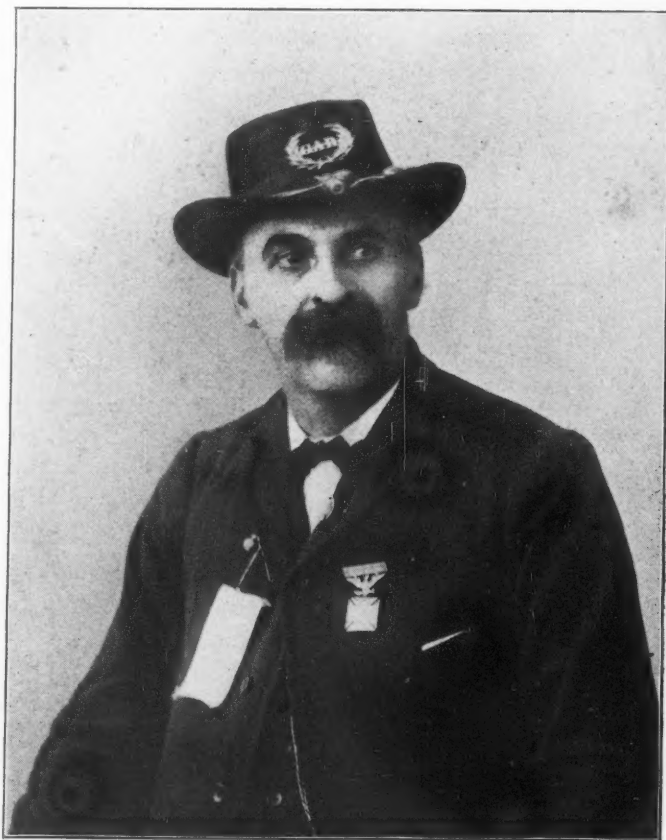
His master "hired him out" until 1860, when he was sold to negro traders, who took him to Vicksburg, Miss. There he served as dining-room waiter until the beginning of the Civil War. He was then taken as body servant into the Confederate Army, but was soon captured by the Federal troops, and became a soldier in the Union Army. He rose to the

rank of orderly sergeant, and continued as such until the war closed, when he returned to Staunton and began in the express business, which he followed for twelve years.

He then embarked in the hardware and furniture business, and is now said to be one of the leading colored men in that line in the United States. His pres-

dence of all. He is a man of influence and means, and every good cause receives his aid.

Mr. Ware is deeply interested in the religious, educational and political advancement of his race, and of his native state, Virginia. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago, in 1880, and was also one of



MR. FRANK T. WARE, STAUNTON, VA.

See page 309.

ent store is three stories high, and it is packed from bottom to top with the latest goods. His race identity is no barrier to his success, and he buys from some of the largest wholesale firms of Baltimore, Philadelphia and Richmond. A large number of his customers are of his own race, but the bulk of his patrons are the white people of the city and adjoining counties. Strictly honest in all his dealings, he has won an enviable business reputation, and enjoys the confi-

dence of all. He is a man of influence and means, and every good cause receives his aid.

In 1880 he was a member of the M. E. church general conference at Philadelphia, and in 1890 he ran for the Staunton city council, and though not elected, he received a large vote.

The career of Frank T. Ware is a credit to himself, an honor to his race, and a proof positive that the Negro of the South can, if he will, succeed in business among business men.

The Ladies' Mutual Improvement Club of Washington, D. C., was organized Jan. 12, 1900. It has a membership of twelve ladies. Mutual improvement is the one idea of the club. While this may convey an idea of narrowness, yet it is well known that the progress of an

the friends of the club are invited, at which time an interesting musical and literary program is furnished. The invited guests contribute their share to the evening's entertainment.

The president, Miss Amelia Barnes, is a most charming young woman, and is



MISS NELLIE PATTERSON, ST. PAUL, MINN.

individual has its effects on the community at large. Meetings of the club are held weekly. At roll-call each member responds with a quotation. The life and one or two works of some author or poet is given a short study. Current events are also discussed at each meeting. Papers on subjects of benefit and interest to the club are read from time to time by the members. Once a month

well fitted for the place she occupies. She has an able assistant in the person of Miss Laura V. Magruder. Mrs. Mary Adams, treasurer, is one of the cleverest members of the club. Miss Eliza Matthews holds the important office of secretary. Mrs. Edith Newman is our spiritual adviser or chaplain, and to her is due the honor of organizing the club.



MRS. MINNIE HOLLIDAY,
Marion, Ind.

See page 323.



MRS. A. R. MARTIN,
Marion, Ind.

See page 323.



WILLIAM W. SMITH,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

See page 321.



JOHN S. FIELDING AND FRANK J. FRIERSON,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

See page 308.



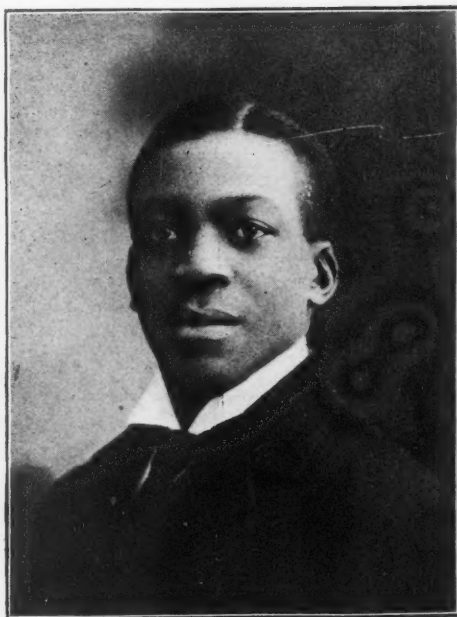
EURYDICE CLUB, MARION, IND.

See page 122.



OLIVER W. HATFIELD,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

See page 321.



MARION P. BRADFORD,
President of the Winona Club, Cincinnati, Ohio.

See page 321.



ARTHUR S. SCOTT,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

See page 322.



WM. SLADE,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

See page 322.



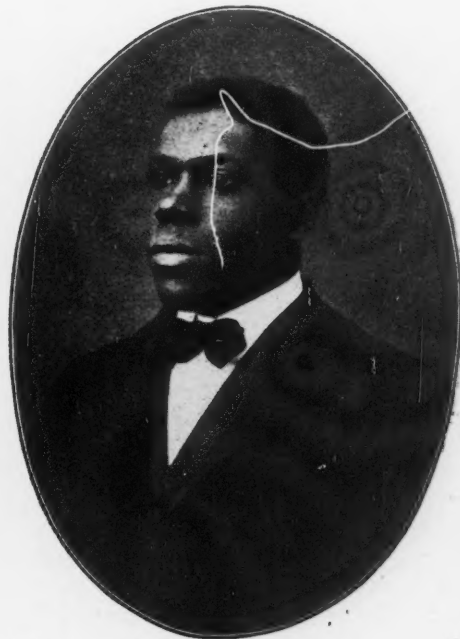
HONSHELL WARD,
Secretary of the Winona Club, Cincinnati, Ohio.
See page 322



L. WARREN BRAMLETTE,
Treasurer of the Winona Club, Cincinnati, Ohio.
See page 321.



WM. STEVENSON,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
See page 322.



WALTER F. FRANKLIN,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
See page 321.

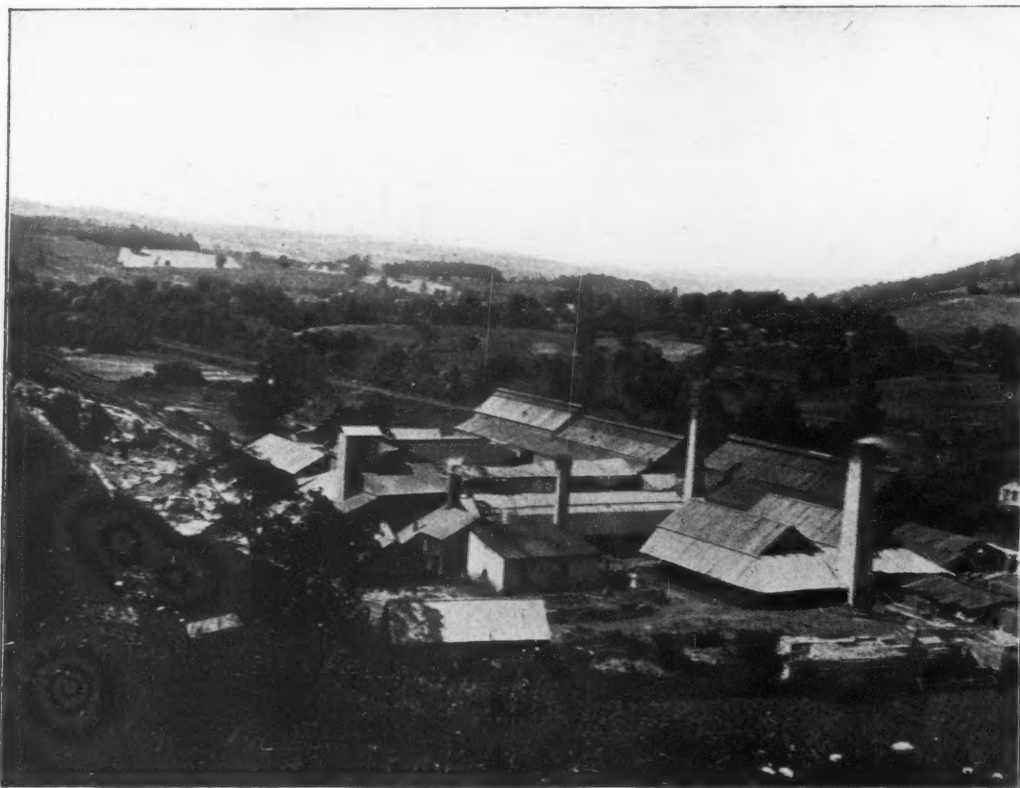
Miss Hallie Q. Brown was born in Pittsburg, Pa. When quite young her parents moved to Canada, but to give her the advantages of a good education she was sent to Wilberforce College, Wilberforce, Ohio, where she completed her course with the degree of B. S.

Miss Brown was then persuaded to travel for her Alma Mater, and started on a lecturing tour in the United States.

THE WINONA CLUB.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow." The sentiment expressed in the above quotation, viz., the evolution of great things from seemingly small and insignificant beginnings, is well exemplified in the origin and development of the Winona Club.

It was on the evening of October 8, 1897, that a number of young men, most



WORKS OF THE CAMPBELL PAVING AND BUILDING BRICK COMPANY, NINA, N. Y.

See page 308.

After taking a course in elocution, she travelled again with even greater success and in this work she has continued ever since. Her ability as an elocutionist has won her much note.

Miss Brown is a lady of remarkable talent and cultivation and adds to the matter of her speeches the charm of fine elocution. She is also an ardent admirer of the *Colored American Magazine*.

of whom lived in the eastern part of the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, gave a small house party in honor of one of their young lady friends, who was about to leave the city and make her home elsewhere. The affair proved a most enjoyable one, and the young men decided that the time was ripe for the organization of a new social club.

Accordingly, a meeting was called and held at the residence of Mr. Wm. W.



MISS HALLIE Q. BROWN,
Wilberforce, Ohio.

See page 316.



MRS. ASENATH P. ARTIS,
Organizer and Critic of the Eurydice Club,
Marion, Ind. *See page 323.*



MISS AURELIA IARNES,
Washington, D. C.

See page 307.



MR. GEORGE W. COOK,
Nina, N. Y.

See page 308.

Smith, and an organization, known as the East End Social Club, was effected.

This was the small beginning from which there has developed one of the representative organizations among the colored citizens of Cincinnati, Ohio, viz., the Winona Club.

The early days of the club were not propitious. There was a deplorable lack of interest on the part of many whose

who had maintained it through its two years of uncertainty decided upon heroic measures. All disinterested members were asked to resign and the club was reorganized on a new and sound basis. When this had been accomplished only seven members remained. They were L. Warren Bramlette, Ellery C. Cox, Walter R. Franklin, Oliver W. Hatfield, Leonard Scott, William W. Smith, and



MISS C. MARIE REVELTO, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

See page 336.

names were on its list of members, and many other causes seemed combined to thwart the purpose of its organizers. But through all its struggles for existence, there were a few earnest and devoted members, whose endeavors were finally rewarded.

In September, 1898, the name of the club was changed to that of Winona. The organization led a precarious existence up to October, 1899, when those

Harry S. Williams. These seven young men are properly considered the charter members of the present Winona Club.

Since this time the club has had a persistent and steady growth. It was decided that it should not be merely social, but that efforts should be made to improve its members intellectually. This has been accomplished through the medium of lectures, discussions, and reading. The most noted speakers who have

so far addressed them are: Hon. Booker T. Washington, Dr. R. G. Boone, Superintendent of Cincinnati schools, and Miss Lillian C. Jewett.

Shortly after its reorganization another feature was introduced. This is

Prof. B. T. Washington, who has twice honored the club with his presence, has written them several letters, commending them for the work they are doing.

Several enjoyable social affairs have



GEORGE L. RUFFIN, BOSTON, MASS.

See page 336.

what is now known as the business branch. It was instituted in January, 1900, and now has deposited to its credit in one of the local banks a snug sum. Each member pays a certain sum monthly toward this fund. It is their intention to inaugurate some business enterprise, when sufficient capital has been accumulated.

been given by the Winona, which are pleasantly remembered by those who attended; but their chief aim has been the intellectual and financial improvement of their members. They occupy cozy quarters on one of the principal thoroughfares of Avondale, Cincinnati's aristocratic suburb. Their rooms contain a



THEODORE DRURY AS FAUST.

See page 336.

small, but well chosen library, the gift of friends, and the walls are adorned with beautiful pictures and portraits of eminent Afro-Americans.

Mr. W. R. Franklin, who was president from October, 1897, to September, 1898, was succeeded by Mr. Wm. W. Smith, who held the office until July, 1900, and who was in turn succeeded by Mr. Francis M. Russell. Mr. Russell has lately been succeeded by Mr. Marion P. Bradford the present presiding officer.

The members are all representative young colored men of Cincinnati and the organization and its work is highly spoken of by the best citizens of the Queen City.

The members of the club believe that by improving themselves in every possible way they are helping the race, and their motto, "Certum Pete Finem," aptly illustrates their aim in prosecuting the work in which they are engaged.

Walter R. Franklin, one of the founders and charter members of the Winona Club, was born in Lexington, Ky. His parents moved to Cincinnati when he was quite small and he received his education in the public schools of that city. He had completed one year at Hughes high school when the death of both parents compelled him to leave school and gain a livelihood. He attended the night school and graduated from the night high school in 1899. He is now employed in the census department at Washington, D. C., and is a member of the sophomore class at Howard Medical School of that city. While in Cincinnati he studied at the College of Music.

Wm. W. Smith, at whose residence the Winona Club was organized, was born in Cincinnati. He received an education in the public schools of that city, graduating from Woodward high school in 1895. Mr. Smith was for four years a teacher in the Garfield Branch school and for three years principal of the Elmwood avenue night school. He is at present studying pedagogy at Howard University, Washington.

Mr. Marion P. Bradford, who now holds the office of president, is a typical example of what persistent effort and close application to the business in hand

however small and unimportant it may seem, will in the end accomplish. Mr. Bradford, a few years ago, entered the employ of the Samuel Ach Company, wholesale millinery dealers, in a humble capacity. His straightforward character, his sobriety and his careful attention to his employer's interests soon attracted the attention of the heads of the firm. They saw he was a young man in whom confidence could be placed. His promotion has been rapid and he is to-day the shipping clerk of one of the largest wholesale millinery houses in the country.

The writer hoped to learn more about the young man, but although he has called often at his place of business has been unable to gain an interview, as Mr. Bradford is kept busy receiving and attending to the shipments.

Mr. L. Warren Bramlette is from Pultaski, Tenn., and is another tireless worker in the interests of the club. He is popularly called by the club members the "Club Chef," as he has charge of all social affairs of the club. He is an industrious and painstaking young man, well worthy of the confidence his friends have bestowed upon him. He is the present treasurer of the club and has charge of all its investments.

Mr. John C. Davis is another active member of the club. Though a late addition to the ranks he has been prominent in its affairs in many ways. Mr. Davis is now a resident of Detroit, Mich., having been taken there by his old employer, President Hunt, formerly of the C. P. & V. R. R., now of the Detroit Southern.

Mr. Oliver Hatfield enjoys the distinction of being the best looking man in the club. He is local representative of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, Mass. Mr. Hatfield is a hustler and his efforts have been crowned with success.

Mr. John C. McLeod is vice-president of the club. He, like Mr. Bradford, has worked his way to the front. He is book-keeper for the Phoenix Stock and Grain Exchange. Mr. McLeod has lately become a benedict, having led to the altar Miss Elvira Cox, a charming Cincinnati society belle.

Mr. Arthur Scott is the youngest member of the club, but has already held several important offices, and has proved his ability. Mr. Scott is a graduate of the night high school of this city and will this year again receive a diploma as a graduate of Woodward high school. Mr. Scott is young in years, but ripe in wisdom, and some day will be heard from. He is at present serving on the directory of the club.

Mr. Leonard Scott, an elder brother of the gentleman mentioned above, is one of the most prominent young men in the city. He is a graduate of the night high schools and also of Woodward high school, where he had the distinguished honor of competing for the class oratorship. Mr. Scott is an eloquent speaker, and seldom fails to convince his hearers. He has just completed a course in stenography and bookkeeping in one of the local business colleges.

Mr. Ellery C. Cox is one of the charter members of the club, and has been active in its advancement. Mr. Cox is a graduate of the night high school of this city, and is at present studying dentistry at the University of Cincinnati. He is actively engaged in business, being associated with his father, Dr. Eugene Cox, who owns one of the best equipped dental laboratories in the city.

Mr. William Slade is one of the new members of the club, and is at present its corresponding secretary. He is a hustling, energetic young man, and a thorough business man. He is at present with the Smith-Kasson Company, shoe dealers. He is a member of several societies and one of the most popular young men in the city. He has charge of the correspondence of the club and would like to hear from other organizations among our people. Address Winona Club, 3427 Main avenue, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. William Stevenson is the popular secretary of the Winona Club. He was for some time the secretary of its business department also, but as its business augmented, the double duties became too arduous and Mr. Stevenson begged to be relieved. Mr. Stevenson is employed in the office of Senator Joseph B. Foraker, who is a national character.

Mr. Stevenson handles the immense correspondence of the Senator and is well thought of by him.

Mr. Honshell Ward is the clever and efficient secretary of the business branch of the club. Accuracy is his motto and there is not a detail of the club's business which he does not thoroughly understand. He is with Strauss Bros., and is a member of several societies among the young people of the city. Added to his duties of secretary are those of club librarian, and he is at present occupied in collecting and placing upon his shelves the writings of all our prominent race men.

Mr. Harry S. Williams is another active club worker. He is a charter member and a loyal club man. He is employed as bookkeeper by the Millcreek Valley Traction Company, and enjoys the confidence of his employers. He is energetic, sober and industrious, and has a host of friends. Mr. Williams is a pianist of ability and his services are greatly in demand.

Mr. Francis M. Russell was the third president of the club. The good work begun under the former president was continued during his administration. He is at present attending the University of Cincinnati.

THE EURYDICE CLUB.

Having made mention of the advancement of race, and the elevation of women by Ladies' Club work in the larger cities, we are pleased to publish the work of the ladies in the smaller city of Marion, Ind., the Queen City of the gas belt and oil fields.

Marion is a thriving city of about twenty-two thousand, with possibly one thousand colored. It can be truly said there is not another town in Indiana where so large a majority of the colored people own their homes as they do in Marion. The ladies of Marion have organized themselves into a club, known as the "Eurydice" Club, for the purpose of studying the Negro race; its progress and present situation. Believing that we know more of every other race than our own, the Eurydice Club decided to

study Negro history and literature, that they might acquaint themselves with the Negro, his ability and creation, intellectually, religiously and financially.

The Eurydice Club was organized Oct. 31, 1900. There is one day in a month devoted to social enjoyment, at which time four of the ladies serve a nice delicate menu. A musical program is rendered, or a general topic discussed. At this meeting the ladies do fancy work and embroidering, thus cultivating this industrial talent. Most members of the club are musically inclined, and much attention is given to music, having a quartette known as "Phylis Wheatly Quartette." The club motto is "Learn, Love, Exalt the race." Mrs. Minnie Holliday has served the club as president since its organization. Mrs. Holliday is a bright young woman and fills her place with credit.

Mrs. Catherine Winslow is vice-president of the club, and a zealous worker, and a strong support to the president.

Mrs. Susie M. Burden, secretary of the club and one of its organizers is a refined lady who should receive much

credit for the existence of the club. Mrs. Laura D. Morrell is the organist.

Mrs. Asenath Peters Artis, the critic of the club, is an ardent worker. She with Mrs. Burden organized the club, the organization taking place at her home.

Mrs. Lucinda Martin, a reporter, has great influence in the club. Mrs. Leah Stewart is the reporter to the local papers.

Mrs. Jennie Johnson, the treasurer and senior member of the club, is looked upon as an adviser. Mrs. Mary Patterson's strength to the club cannot be over-estimated. Mrs. Ellas Scott, a member, is a highly cultured lady. Miss Lizzie Bassett is a prominent member. Among the other members may be mentioned Mrs. Sarah Chavis, Mrs. Della Mathews, Viola Curtis, Melison Darnell, Sarah Nolan, Daisy Mathews, Della Wilson, Mary Overman and Nellie Boyd.

There are twenty regular members, and the honorary members are Miss Ella Mossell, Miss Amanda Rogers and Mrs. Eddie Williams.

WOMAN'S DEVELOPMENT IN BUSINESS.

ALBRETA MOORE-SMITH.

That there is nothing new under the sun is an assertion that was made by King Solomon thousands of years ago and accepted by many men of all ages to be true. Many philosophers also maintain that we are progressing in a circle—are reverting back to the ways and customs of centuries ago.

From the view-point of the creation of new material, the science of geology teaches us that King Solomon never uttered a more self-evident truth; and whether what the philosophers say is true or not, if history has correctly recorded the facts of past events, we know that many of our civilized nations could profit by much of what the ancients did.

In the world of business many improvements have been wrought upon old methods, but all of them are not new. To the minds of many there is a "new" woman, but in actuality she does not exist. Theories have been put forth to prove that she is new, but the only satisfactory evidence or conclusion agreed upon is that she is simply progressing, her natural tendencies not having changed one iota.

Ever since the days of Cleopatra, who, skilled in music and conversant in arts, was acknowledged to possess superior intellectual talents, women have been aggressive and their capabilities recognitory.

Early in the seventeenth century

there arose a class of women who won great celebrity by a display of knowledge upon subjects other than "How babies cut teeth." Prominent amongst them were Madame de Maintenon and Hannah More, two of the greatest women writers and educators of any age.

From that time until the present many women have assiduously sought the blessings of higher education, and a more accurate knowledge of all that pertains to business. They have surmounted many obstacles, and in this, the dawn of the 20th century, many links have been forged by them in the chain of "progress." There is nothing surprising in this statement, however, for the spirit of advancement is a legacy that has been handed down to them by the many brave women, who in the face of persecution and opposition, gave their lives and talents to the cause.

"As a nation grows its people are destined to feel the influence and its enlightened development." For thirty years the influence of progress has been so strong and benign upon the American nation that it was as impossible for women to remain in obscurity as it was for men to refrain from progressing.

The talk of American women being "new" is arrant nonsense, for they have been developing their latent talents, lo! these many years, and were only waiting until the world was ready for their reception. The practical business woman is the sole produce of America. In no other country does she enjoy the same privileges, liberty, independence and freedom of person as she does here.

If she be true to her calling she does not abuse these privileges—to the contrary—with all the knowledge gained from a free and unconventional education she takes her place in society as a faithful friend, in the business world as a judicious counsellor and in the home as a loving wife and queen. She is as womanly and gentle as was her grandmother; contact with the business world does not wear off the fineness which men so much admire in women if this quality be inherent.

Woman's entrance into the business world and her ratification along all lines

where she has the slightest chance for intellectual improvement has aroused strong prejudice against her advancement. It will take years of education, agitation and discussion to win her enemies over to the side of justice and truth.

The American business man possesses indomitable courage and business daring, in fact, all the essential qualities which go to make a successful business career. He is far ahead of the men of other nations in commerce and trade. He stops at nothing short of success. Why, then, so many of them are persistent in their endeavors to withhold all knowledge of business from their ambitious wives and daughters is one of the great puzzles of our national life. That opposition would arise from many indolent women was to be expected for woman's deadliest enemy is woman.

The taking away the right of franchise, the only means whereby the Negro can best assert his rights as a citizen and a man in many of the Southern states does not discourage the aspiring youth any more so than the barring of many doors of commerce and trade weakens the purpose and intentions of the energetic business woman.

It is generally conceded that woman is man's equal, intellectually, and is only in need of a broader education and greater opportunities to constitute her a dangerous competitor to him. This virtue has won, and will continue to win an enviable place for woman in the world of letters and trade.

Fair-minded business women do not ask for equal rights in a political sense, but they do ask that they be given an equal showing with man, with the same freedom to use accessible facilities as those which are accorded business men. It is hardly fair for man to declare that woman is not his equal, and is incapable of attaining the business heights he has reached and enjoys, while systematically withholding from her the very means by which he reached his giddy station in the commercial world.

Ruskin truthfully summarizes this question when he says, "We are foolish in claiming the superiority of our sex

to the other, in truth, each has what the other has not; one completes the other, and they are in nothing alike. The happiness of one depends upon each asking and receiving from each what the other only can give. We are no better or worse, higher or lower, because the loftiest ideals of humanity demands that each shall be perfect in its kind and not be hindered in its best work." This quotation is applicable to all art, science and trade where the question is one of ability and general fitness.

As women become more generally educated along all lines, their thoughts will become expanded, their energies increased and their homes conducted upon a higher plane intellectually, physically, morally and spiritually.

Why impede the progress of progressive women when they are heartily welcomed in all works of the home and church? If they are efficient co-workers in matters of reform they surely are able assistants in the business world and all other work which tends to promote progress to humanity at home and abroad.

The thirst and striving after business knowledge which many women display is good if not accompanied by the restlessness so characteristic of the American business man. Many leisure women, as well as business women, have been caught up in this electrical tide, and are fast drifting away from their true mission in life. No matter what a woman's work or aim might be she can never shake off entirely the responsibilities of the home, for they are joined by inalienable ties. The one link which brings her closer to God than any other power, the blessings of wifehood and motherhood, will not allow her to forget.

The business world is a field of labor and enlightenment, to which women hasten with high ambitions and great expectations, the home is the haven of rest to which she flees with exalted thoughts and tired brain, only too willing to receive the love, peace and quietude which daily awaits her within its sacred walls.

But why deviate from our subject?

We must write of woman as she is seen in the cold, work-a-day world and not as the regal queen of the hearth and home.

We encourage women to go into business, but not to the extent that there will be a general exodus, for all women are no more fitted to explore the mysteries of the business world any more so than all men are capable of becoming president of the United States.

To those who have inclinations for the work we would say, you must examine yourself carefully,—physically and intellectually—by the sharpest criticism imaginable before entering the arena, for you have chosen no small task. To be successful your life must be one of self-devotion and self-sacrifice. Many disappointments will appear, mighty obstacles will obstruct your way and only a strong determination to succeed or die in the attempt will remunerate you for your struggles.

Never be discouraged, for the thousands of women in positions of trust today is evidence of the fact that there is a growing demand for the work of competent women in all branches of business. There is no room for mediocrity; competency alone will stand the test of time.

At no time of our country's history have so many women been thrown upon their own resources as now. They have entered every accessible avenue of work. Many from sheer necessity, others from the knowledge to be gained by contact with business people.

There is need of woman's work and much good in it, but there can be seen a growing evil. Many employers in their greed for gold are making women "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The strength of many young women is being wasted by laborious work in sweat-shops, factories and stores. Women bread-earners should be given work in keeping with their strength. Woman's labor, they say, is cheap, but the price given in exchange by the workers will be felt by coming generations.

In many branches of the professional, commercial and industrial world women

receive smaller wages than men, regardless of ability. This is unfair, for there should be no alignment drawn between the work of a competent woman and that of a capable man. Women should receive the highest price paid for their work and give in exchange the best knowledge they possess.

The necessity of becoming proficient in trades, as well as professions is fast taking possessions of Negro girls and women. This is one of the most gratifying results of higher education. All over the country our girls are seeking diplomas in these studies of their own volition.

Much of this awakening is doubtless due to the assiduous labors of Prof. B. T. Washington, who is leading thousands of Negro youths to that kind of an education which creates a demand for their services. Let our women continue to stimulate their dormant talents along these lines for their sphere of general usefulness is being supplanted by the well-trained, skilled white artisan. Look well to your laurels of old, dear sisters.

One of the main solutions of this much-talked-of race problem lies in the proper training of every Negro child in some profession, trade or economic science. When we as a race prove our own worth and strength of purpose along these lines, then and then only will we be recognized as a power in the business world. We need more competent business men and women and less aimless ornaments, for such obstructions are detrimental to the progress of any race of people.

That the Negro is winning the recognition he so justly deserves is being demonstrated daily all over this country. An excellent proof of this statement is the National Negro Business League, which, only fifteen months old, is doing more in enlightening the world of the actual progress and status of our people than any other force.

It is by such movements as this that the actual progress and moral strength of the Negro should be measured. His standard should be gauged by the ener-

getic and aspiring element of the race, and not by the criminals in the jails, paupers in the poor-houses and idle vagrants to be seen loitering around the street corners and dram shops. This recognition is accorded other nations and should be given the Negro as well. The sins and weaknesses of other races are generally hidden from public gaze when the question is one of honesty, sobriety and morality, but those of the Negro are forever laid bare before the illuminable rays of the searchlight of public opinion.

Should this be his treatment when one thinks of the many eminent ministers, missionaries, doctors, lawyers, scholars, merchants, philanthropists and scientists who have won an international, as well as national reputation, by dint of their hard labors? Was not the Negro exhibit at the Paris Exposition a proud testimonial of this fact? Out of an unwholesome, immoral condition have arisen these grand beacon lights of the race. They should be encouraged, rather than discouraged, for the wonderful moral, mental and spiritual improvement made within the past thirty-five years.

What is true of Negro men is true of Negro women. The progress of one affects the other, each lifts as it climbs. The sooner our men see the wisdom of entering into all branches of business, the better it will be for the women who are qualified for the work, but cannot secure employment. We must first help ourselves before condemning other races for not assisting us along this line. We must work, hope and pray. A rich reward awaits those who have patience to endure until the end. John Lord has well said that "Extraordinary genius cannot forever remain hidden or forgotten. Sooner or later some one will bring forth the knowledge to light." As this rule knows no race, no class and no creed it is applicable to every one of you who yearn to earn a living and help swell the army of those who are developing praiseworthy business ability.

FASCINATING BIBLE STORIES.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

Because of the destruction by fire from heaven of Korah and his princes, of Dothan and Abiram and all their following who went down quick into the quaking earth, and of those who were consumed by pestilence, the children of Israel made moan unto Moses, crying, "Behold we die! we perish! we shall all perish; for whosoever cometh anything near unto the tabernacle of the Lord shall die. Shall we be consumed with dying?"

Wherefore, Moses summoned the chief princes of the tribes of Israel, and Aaron as chief of the house of Levi. And of each prince he took his rod of office, long, thick, heavy, well-seasoned and curiously wrought, having neither sap nor life therein, and every man's name was inscribed upon his rod. And before the congregation he carried them into the tabernacle of witness, and laid them upon the altar before the presence of the Lord.

On the morrow the people were again gathered together, and Moses went from them into the tabernacle, and the glory of the Lord illumined it. And when he came forth he bore a bundle of staves, long, heavy, well-seasoned and curiously wrought, such as kings and princes bore in token of their authority and dignity, but in one hand a green almond tree, full of life and vigor, burst into tender buds, sprays of leafage, full-blown blossoms and maturing almonds.

Then each man silently took his rod and saw inscribed upon that ancient staff, now become a tree of wondrous beauty, the name of Aaron, high priest and chief prince of the house of Levi, chosen by this miracle to the highest priesthood, the right of his descendents and tribesmen forever.

Then said Moses, "Thus said the

Lord. Bring Aaron's rod again before my altar of testimony, and let it be a token forever, against the children of rebellion that they may cease their murmuring against me, and that they may not perish from the earth."

Year after year the great congregation drifted eastward, until, covering the whole wilderness, they were gathered at Kadesh in the wilderness of Zin. Here Miriam, the gifted sister of Moses and Aaron, died and was buried. Born in the darkest period of Egyptian bondage, she had witnessed the wondrous plagues which broke the power of the oppressor; and the destruction of Pharaoh's chariot—squadrons in the Sea of Weeds. She had sung that chariot song of triumph, which for thirty-four centuries has in many an alien-tongue recorded the like downfall of dethroned tyranny and overthrown oppressors, "Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Again the springs and fountains failed, and ancient men, the last of the myriads of the Exodus, railed against Moses, saying, "Would God that we had died when our brethren died, at the Graves of Lust: in the wilderness of Paran or where Korah, Dothan and Abiram were swept from the face of the earth. Why have ye brought the congregation of the Lord into the wilderness, that we and our cattle should die here?"

"Why have ye made us to come up out of the fair land of Egypt to bring us into this evil place, where there is neither grain nor fig trees, clustered vines, nor fruiting pomegranate, nay not even water that we may drink and live?"

Then Moses and Aaron, worn with

sore travail, said no word, but went from their assembly unto the door of the tabernacle, and as they fell upon their faces, the luminous cloud of the Shekinah filled the Holy Place.

Sternly the voice of God commanded Moses, "Take the rod and speak ye unto the rock before the congregation; bring forth water out of the rock, and give the people and their cattle to drink."

And Moses, taking the rod, went with Aaron, where a huge rock lowered above an ancient river-bed. And said unto the sullen and anxious assembly, "Hear now ye rebels! must we indeed fetch you water out of this rock?" At the first touch of the flower-bearing staff that adamant cliff was rifted and broken, and at the second there burst forth a mighty fountain, a stream of water, pure, cold and abundant.

Then man and beast drank to the full and were refreshed; but the Lord spake again unto Moses and Aaron and said, "Because ye lacked faith in my covenant and did not justify my promises in the eyes of the children of Israel, ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them." Wherefore that fountain was called Meribah, (the Fountain of Strife) because of the striving of the people against God.

Thence also, Moses sent envoys unto the King of Moab, saying: "Thou hast heard of all our travail since our fathers, the sons of Jacob, from whom thou also art descended, went down into Egypt. Ye know also how the Egyptians vexed us and our fathers before us; and ye also know that when we cried unto the Lord, he heard our petition, and sent his angel and brought us out of Egypt. And now we are in Kadesh, a city in the uttermost part of thy border.

"Let us I pray thee through thy country. We will not pass through fields or through the vineyards; nor drink of the water of the wells. We will go by the King's highway, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, until we have passed thy borders."

But the house of Esau remembered the fraud of Jacob, and feared to let the people of Israel traverse the mountain passes, which guarded the fair Idumean

land. Wherefore the King of Edom sent back a message, terse, stern, and scant of courtesy: "Thou shall not pass by me, least I come out against thee with the sword."

Again Moses sent a message, "Oh King of Edom, we will go by the highways, and if my cattle and I drink of thy water springs I will pay for it. I will only, without doing anything else, go through on my feet."

But Edom said, "Thou shall not go through." And Edom came out against Israel with a great array and a strong hand; nevertheless Moses would not trespass and carry war into his realms, because of the kinship of Esau, and the ancient ties of blood, but journeyed from Kadesh unto Mount Hor.

There came unto Moses and Aaron the word of the Lord, within the tabernacle under the shadow of Mount Hor: "Aaron shall be gathered unto his fathers here, for he may not enter into that land which I have given unto the children of Israel. Because ye rebelled against my word, and Aaron failed to reprove you at the Waters of Strife even the wells of Meribah."

"Therefore take Aaron and Eleazar his son, and bring them up into Mount Hor. There take from Aaron his robes of office, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron shall be gathered unto his fathers and die."

And Aaron obeyed the voice of the Lord, and went with his brother Moses, and his son Eleazar up into Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation.

Two score years had passed away since he, a slave, and one of a nation of slaves, had met his fugitive brother in the deserts, and followed him back to Zoan; to beard Menephtah in his palace; yea in the very triumph—city of Rameses the Victorious. He had done great deeds, and borne many trials and labors for his people; a race so crushed by generations of slavery, that they were still like children, in fierce anger and slavish lusts; childish pride and unmanly fears; fanatical and sensuous in worship, and ever ready to fall down before false gods of their former servitude. Now grown old and feeble like a worn-out sword, he was to be re-

placed by a stronger and keener weapon. Perhaps he had been an unprofitable servant; certainly he had sinned, in that he had not vindicated the truth and justice of the Lord Almighty.

Well, he would not draw back nor falter now. He would die, as became the chief of a great house; and go before the judge of all Israel. Was it worth while to have essayed to lead his folk out of bondage into the free life of the desert; the dignity of an enfranchised and powerful people, and close unto the glories of the Promised Land; there to be thwarted by their childish weaknesses, and very inability to be men among men, and a nation among the nations?

Thus he thought as like one in a dream, he gazed from the mountain peak at the congregation below, and across the valley to the boundary ranges, behind which lay that long-desired land; the hope of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; and of every true son and daughter of Israel. Could it be that he was to die? To meet some mysterious doom, having first committed his dignities unto his son Eleazar? So thinking, went to his fate, Aaron the great worthy brother, friend and helper of Moses, as thousands of like men before and since his day, have gone down to death without partaking the full and ripe harvest of their courage and sacrifices.

At last the three stood in full view of the people on the highest peak, and Moses took from Aaron's head the holy crown and snowy mitre; from his breast-plate the Urim and Thummim, unbuckled the clasp of the breast-plate blazing with jewels, and unloosed the ephod and the curious girdle thereof, and lastly his coat, for all pertained unto his priestly offices and were holy unto the Lord.

And upon Eleazar, even his beloved and only son, were laid in his sight, the coat and belt, the robe and the curious girdle of the Ephod, and over these the breast-plate of gold and jewels, and the Urim and Thummim whereby hidden things are discerned of God. Lastly he endued him with the snowy-mitre and its mystical golden crown of

the chief priesthood. But his father, Aaron, was not, for God had taken his spirit, and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mountain alone.

And the congregation mourned for Aaron thirty days, throughout all the tribes of Israel. And the days of Aaron, the older brother of Moses, were a hundred and twenty and three years.

Thereafter King Arad the Canaanite, heard that the Israelites were drawing too near to his cities, and came down with his tribesmen, like a storm cloud out of the north, and slew and took captive. Then the children of Israel vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said "if thou wilt indeed deliver this people into my hand, I will utterly destroy their cities." And the Lord granted their prayer, and they went up against Arad under Joshua and utterly destroyed him and his cities, insomuch that they called the name of the land Hormah. (Utter Destruction).

Thereafter they wandered through certain deserts, haunted of fiery and poisonous serpents, through whose venom many perished, because of their murmurings against the Lord, were these vipers sent against them. But when they confessed their sins and Moses had prayed for his people, the Lord said unto Moses "Make thee a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass that everyone that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live." And Moses set up as a standard a serpent of brass, and the plague of serpents was stayed.

Thence, moving northward and eastward, they came to the hill Pisgah, which overlooketh the wilderness of Jeshimon. And therefrom Moses sent envoys to Sihon the Amorite, King of Heshbon, with words of peace saying: "Let me pass through thy land, I will go along by the highway; I will neither turn to the right hand or the left. Thou shalt sell me meat for money, that I may eat; and give me water for money that I may drink; I desire that I may only march in peace through thy lands, even as I have marched through Seir, which is held by the children of Esau, and through Ar of the children of

Moab, until I pass over Jordan unto the land which the Lord our God giveth us."

But Sihon, King of the Amorites refused; for he was a mighty man of his hands; obstinate and ordained to perdition. So he gathered his people together, and went out against Israel unto Jahaz. And Joshua drew out of camp the chosen men of the tribes and gave battle to Sihon at Jahaz, smiting his legions with the edge of the sword; in-somuch that Sihon fell with his sons and all his people. From Aroer by the river Armon, even unto Gilead by the brook Jabbock, Joshua captured every city and village, and utterly destroyed the people, men, women, and children. Only the cattle and flocks, and the spoils of the city were spared from destruction; and Israel dwelt in Heshbon and other cities of the Amorites, and the villages thereof.

Lastly, Og, King of Bashan, last of the race of giants, that were of old men of renown, whose bed of iron measured ten cubits in length and four in breadth, mustered his army in Astaroth, City of the Queen of Heaven, wherein every sinful lust of the heart was deified and worshipped. The mountaineers of Hermon and Gilead; the spearmen and chariots of the cities of the plain; the swordsmen of Argob and Geshuri and the fortress guards of Salchah, Edrei, and many another city fenced with lofty ramparts and massive gates, and archers and slingers from the slopes of Sirion and Shenir, came down to Edrehi, now threatened by the coming of the Jews. Slowly, menacingly, they drew nigh day by day, a vast and locust-like multitude, whose caravans and wayfarers filled the ways with slowly moving myriads, and the plains and valleys with countless flocks and kine. On either flank were light horse and archers; behind them a desert wasted by sword and fire, and at their head the Pillar of Cloud led a matchless infantry whose splendid discipline, armor, and spirit of utter, unquestioning obedience, were the results of nearly forty years of military training, and terrible punishment of religious and political revolt.

Only here and there remained a few of the veterans of the Exodus, whose doom it was to die in that wilderness without the boundaries of the Promised Land; but these went forward none the less steadily that their last battle was surely near at hand. Moses, himself forbidden to breathe the air of Canaan, rode with the host, erect and keen eyed, despite his six-score years, and Joshua the leader of his armies took counsel with him.

Down from Astaroth poured the levies of Bashan a mighty multitude, cursing the sons of Israel in the names of many Gods. From every border robber-bands and border-Kinglets came in against the common enemy, and gathered like vultures to rend and divide the prey. Night came and then their bale-fires reddened the midnight sky with blazing billets, around which heathen warriors drank confusion to the hosts of the living God, or wheeled in maddened war-dance as they impatiently awaited the lagging dawn and coming battle.

A dull glow lit the darkness over the broad camp of the chosen people, but above their tabernacle the Luminous Cloud brooded in awful beauty. Here and there low murmurs, sighs and repressed grief told of fears for the morrow, or a sentinel challenged as an officer went swiftly from post to post; but for most part a great silence brooded over the leaguer of Israel.

The morning came, and Bashan came on to the attack with a sea of light horse; swift rushing iron chariots, and an ocean of archers, spearmen, swordsmen and slingers; and Joshua and Caleb halting their lines of battle awaited them.

Then said Moses. "The Lord hath said unto me. "Fear him not, for I will deliver him, his people, and all his land into thy hand, and thou shalt do unto him as thou didst unto Sihon King of the Amorites at Heshbon."

"Pass thou this word from rank to rank throughout the host, that no man's heart may fail him through fear."

Then said a stalwart, albeit veteran archer, who forty years before has been

one of the first to arm himself from the spoil of the drowned Egyptians cast up by the "Sea of Weeds." "Thou hast scant comfort my lord for us of the Exodus, who still draw our sword and loose the arrow in thine armies. Truly if we are broken today we die under the swords of Bashan, and if we win and go forward, death must come surely between Edrei and the fords of Jordan. Verily I sinned in my youth, being easily led by the elders of my house; but it is hard to serve faithfully, yet without hope of mercy and blessing."

"Truly, O Jair," said Moses sadly. "It is a hard fate which our Lord hath appointed unto all whom he redeemed out of the bonds of Pharaoh. Yet was it just; and I will trust him though he slay me. Seest thou how Miriam and Aaron, whom also ye withstood, are gone before ye; and I also whom ye would have slain, can never enter thy glorious land unto whose border I have led my people."

"Nevertheless, O Jair, it may be that a part of Israel may hold these lands forever, and the mercy of our Lord may spare him who having repented of his sin, seeks not to see and enter the land of Canaan. Peradventure, to thee it may be permitted to fight bravely this day; to make spoil with thy sword and thy bow, and to live out thy allotted span in peace and honor. But whatever befalls, old comrade, it is better to do our duty, although we die and it profits us not. Life is short at the best, and its last years gather little of joy and much of pain and sorrow. We have done our work, were it not well that we sleep long and dreamlessly?"

The silver trumpets rang out clearly and angrily, and the clang of nakir and cymbal, the din of war horns and drums, and the wild clamor of savage war cries, heralded the imminent shock of battle. Like the swirling eddies of a breaking sea the onset of King Og, crashed against the Jewish line, lapped in its serpent folds a rent battalion or broken squadron, and then reeled backward like a reflux ocean.

Close upon their repulse charged the Jewish spearmen, and that serried line of brass and steel, no levies of Bashan

might endure. Even rushing war horse and chariots recoiled from the hedge of spears which met their headlong rush, and in return raged around each remnant of the dispersed battalions and cut fiercely into the second fighting line.

Then Og, King of Bashan, seeing that his case was desperate, came down with his own bodyguard into the fray. His own strength was that of seven, and the knees of many strong men were loosened; but he too was slain with all his following, and throughout his kingdom died, man and maid, youth and child, until none were left of all his people.

And the lands of Sihon, King of Heshbon and of Og, King of Bashan, Moses gave unto the children of Gad and Reuben and the half tribe of Manasseh forever. But Jair fell in the front of battle in the ring of dead and dying, wherein Og himself lay slain.

Then Israel pitched in the plains of Moab along the Jordan near Jericho. And Balak, King of Moab, was sore afraid, because of the numbers of Israel, and said unto the elders of Moab: "Now shall this multitude lick up all that are around us, as the ox licketh up the grass of the field."

He sent therefore messengers unto Balaam the prophet of Aram, which is by the river of the East, saying: "Behold there is a people come out of Egypt, whose numbers cover the earth, and they encamp over against me. Come now, and curse me this people, for they are too mighty for me. Peradventure I shall then prevail and smite them, and drive them out of the land, for I knew that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and whom thou cursest is cursed."

And Balaam said to the messenger: "Lodge here this night, and I will bring you word as the Lord shall speak unto me." And when he enquired of the oracles it was told him. "Thou shalt not go with them, nor curse the people, for they are blessed." And in the morning Balaam said unto the princes: "Get you unto your land, for the Lord refuseth to give me leave to go with you."

A second time, by more honorable princes than before, Balak said to

Balaam. "Thus saith Balak the royal son of Zippor. "Be not thou hindered from coming to me. For I will promote thee unto very great honor, and do for thee whatsoever thou shalt desire. Come, therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people."

And Balaam enquired again of the Lord, and was told, "if the men come to call thee, rise up, and go with them, but the word that I give thee that only shalt thou do."

But Balaam waited not for the princes to call him, but arose early in the morning, and saddled his ass and went with the princes of Moab.

And God's anger was kindled against him because he hastened to go, and in the way wherein he was riding with a servant on either hand an angel stood with a drawn sword in his hand. Thrice his beast turned aside, and thrice Balaam smote her with his staff, and the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said to Balaam, "What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me thrice?"

And Balaam answered angrily, "Because thou hast mocked me. I would there were a sword in my hand, for now would I kill thee." Then said the ass, "Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? Was I ever wont to do thus unto thee?" And he said, "Nay."

Then Balaam saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way with a drawn sword in his hand; and Balaam bowed himself unto the ground. And the angel of the Lord said, "Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times? Behold I am here to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse before me, but the ass saw me and turned from me these three times, or surely now I had slain thee, and saved her alive."

And Balaam answered: "I have sinned, but I knew not that thou didst bar the way against me, now therefore if it anger thee, I will get me back again."

Then the angel of the Lord said unto Balaam, "Go with the men, but only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shall speak." And Balaam went unto Balak in one of the walled cities

of Moab and from the highest temple of Baal, they saw the tents and tabernacles of the children of Israel. And Balak offered sacrifices on seven altars, a bullock and a ram on every altar, and when Balaam returned from his devinations, Balak stood by his burnt sacrifices, he and all the princes of Moab with many an outland ally and mercenary.

And Balaam as the Lord had spoken said "Balak, King of Moab, brought me out of Aram, saying, "Come curse me Jacob, and defy Israel." How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed, or defy whom the Lord hath not defied?"

"From the lofty rocks I see him, a people who shall stand alone among all peoples, nor be reckoned among the nations. Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel?"

A second time, they saw from the crest of Pisgah, how afar over all the land, were spread the tents of Israel. But Balaam might not curse the people of God, but said, "Behold! This people shall rise up like a great lion, and spring upon its prey like a young lion, he shall not be content until he shall eat of the prey, and drink the blood of the slain."

A third time from the top of Baalpeor overlooking the valley of Jeshimon, the Jews abiding in their tents according to their tribes, and Balaam sought no longer the aid of his dark enchantments, as again he prophesied:

"Balaam, the son of Boer, whose eyes are open, who hath heard the words of God and seen a vision of the Almighty as one entranced, but having his eyes open, hath said, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens along the river, as stately aloes beside the waters."

"He shall pour out blessings unto many lands, and his children shall pass beyond many waters; his Kings shall overcome the house of Agag, and his royalty be exalted."

"God brought him forth out of Egypt. His strength is as the strength of the unicorn. He shall eat up those nations that are his enemies, and break their bones, and pierce them through with

his arrows. He coucheth himself, he is like a grim and couchant lion. Who shall dare to stir him up. Blessed is he that blesseth thee, O Jacob, and accursed is he that curseth thee."

Then Balak smote his hands together and cried: "I sent for thee to curse mine enemies and behold thou hast altogether blessed them, these three times, therefore get thee gone in haste unto thine own place. I had thought to promote thee to great honor, but lo! the Lord hath kept thee back from honor."

Then said Balaam. "Did I not tell thy messenger, if Balak would give me his house full of gold and silver, I cannot go beyond the commandment of the Lord, to do evil or good of my own mind, but what the Lord saith that will I speak."

"And now before I go unto mine own people, I will foretell to thee what this people shall do to thy nation, and these thine allies, in the latter days:

"I shall see him, but not now. I shall behold him, but not nigh, there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall arise out of Israel and shall smite through the princes of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth. Edom also shall become a possession, and Mount Seir shall come under the yoke. For Israel shall do valiantly."

"Amalek was the first of the nations that warred against Israel, but his later end shall be that he utterly perish."

And of the Kenites he said: "Strong is thy dwelling place and thou puttest thy nest in a rock. Nevertheless the Kenite shall be wasted by degrees until Asshur shall carry thee away captives."

And turning to the princes he said: "Alas, who of us all shall live till God bringeth all these things to pass? Also in the days to come, ships from the courts of Chittim shall ravage the coasts of Asshur and Ebu, and these also shall perish forever."

So Balaam rose up, and went unto his own place, but was slain of the sword when Median was utterly wasted by Joshua. And Balak awaited what the gods should ordain.

Thereafter, through the wiles of the women of Midian, many in Israel were

drawn to attend the temples of strange gods, and to take part in the sacrifices, and worship, so that a great plague ravaged the camp, and there died of that plague twenty and four thousand, beside those that were slain because of their falling away from the living God.

And when this plague was stayed, the Lord ordered Moses to number all the men of the children of Israel, from twenty years old and upwards, and fit for war. And they numbered them by tribes, and six hundred and one thousand seven hundred and thirty men were mustered by Moses and Eleazar, the priest, the son of Aaron, in the plains of Moab, by Jordan, near Jericho.

But of them all there was not a man of those whom Moses and Aaron had numbered in the wilderness of Sinai for the Lord had said of them: They shall surely die in the wilderness, and there was not left a man of them save Caleb the son of Jephunneh and Joshua the son of Nun.

Then the Lord said unto Moses, "Get thee up into this mount, Abiram, and see the land which I have given unto the children of Israel. And when thou hast seen it thou also shalt be gathered unto thy people as Aaron thy brother was gathered."

"For ye rebelled against my commandment in the desert of Zin failing because of the strife of the congregation to sanctify me before their eyes, even at the wells of Meribah, in Kadesh, in the wilderness of Zin."

Then said Moses unto the Lord: "O Lord! God of the Spirits of all flesh, choose ye a man over the congregation which may go out and come in before them: and may lead them out and bring them in; that the congregation of the Lord be not as sheep which have no shepherd."

Then said the Lord unto Moses, "Take unto thee Joshua the son of Nun, in whom is the spirit, and lay thine hands upon him, and set him before Eleazar, the priest, and before all the congregation, and give him charge in their sight."

"And thou shalt put some of thine honor upon him, that all the congregation may be obedient; and Eleazar, the

priest, shall ask counsel for him after the judgment of Urim before the Lord. At his command shall they go out and come in, both he and all the children of Israel with him."

Wherefore the silver trumpets summoned all men to the centre of the encampment, and the gray-haired leader of Israel called before him the captain of the host; strong, obedient, resourceful, and in the prime of his powers. He bowed his unhelmeted head to the pressure of that venerable hand, which conveyed to him the subtle energies of the spirit and strength divine; and then erect and immovable, received the charge which made him the lieutenant of Moses during his life, and his successor after death.

And thereafter, having declared unto the people of Israel, many wise laws and awful warnings of the result of rebellion and idolatry, Moses made an end of his life work, since the Lord who had raised him up to be the redeemer, savior and legislator of a race of slaves, judged his mission ended, and his task fulfilled.

Wherefore, at the close of that same day, upon which he recited unto the congregation that song of worship and warning, which concluded his labors, the Lord spoke unto Moses, saying:

"Now get thee up unto this mountain, Abiram, unto Mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, over against Jericho; and behold that land of Canaan which I gave unto the children of Israel for a possession."

"And die in the mount, whereas thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people; as Aaron, thy brother, died in Mount Hor and was gathered unto his people; because ye trespassed against me among the children of Israel at the waters of Meribah-Kadesh, in the wilderness of Zin; because ye justified me not in the midst of the children of Israel."

"Yet shalt thou see the land before thy departure; but thou shalt not go thither into the land, which I give to the children of Israel."

So Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo to the

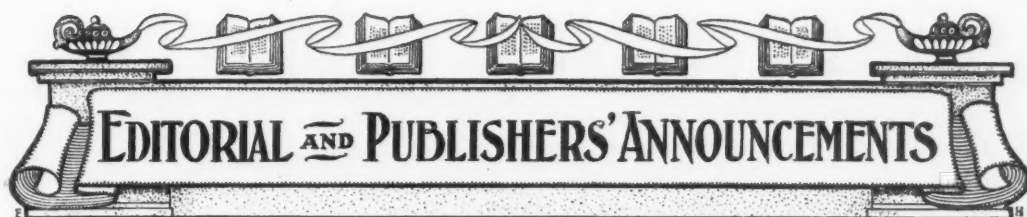
top of Pisgah, over against Jericho, and as he came upon the summit in the calm cool closing of the sunny day, he felt no fear of that supreme change which men call death.

That, in the flesh, he had sinned and must satisfy the justice of God by the deprivation of the full fruition of his life work, had long since been accepted as inevitable, but the love and approval of God surrounded and upheld him in this supreme hour, which was blissfully ending his long and proud career. A delicious sense of renewed manhood prevailed him and the divine presence illumined every act and thought. For the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan; the bounds of Naphtali, the lands of Ephraim and Manasseh and all the fair heritage of Jurah, even unto the uttermost sea. As if he wandered therein he saw the southern hills, the plains around Jericho, the City of Palms, and the land even unto Zoan in Egypt, whence he had led forth Israel.

Visions clear and splendid passed before him; of vineyards, heavy with clustering grapes, orchards aglow with apples, citron, pomegranates and figs, pastures great and green, watered by living springs and turquoise lakelets, white-walled and gorgeous fortresses, citadels and temples; plains covered with fat cattle and sheep and goats unnumbered, the inland seas and western ocean dotted with sails and bordered by walled cities; nay, the great Nile itself and its palaces and temples.

Then there came to him for the last time in this mortal life the voice of the Lord, saying, "This is the land which I swear to give unto Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed. I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

"So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the Land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in the valley in the land of Moab over against Baalpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."



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With this issue of the magazine, the popular serial story "Hagar's Daughter" reaches its close. It has proved a wonderful success, and the great interest manifested in it from all sections of the country is most encouraging to both author and publishers. In this connection we must let our readers into a little secret. While the story "Hagar's Daughter" has been announced as being written by Sarah A. Allen, it has in reality been written by our own Miss Pauline E. Hopkins, who chose her mother's name, under which to write this powerful story. We make this statement at this time in justice to Miss Hopkins, as well as in response to the general inquiry regarding the personality of the author of "Hagar's Daughter."

In this special connection we would call attention to that other powerful race book from Miss Hopkins' pen entitled "Contending Forces." It is a most interesting study of race conditions told in story form, and it has received very favorable comment from the press of the country.

In order that our readers may have an opportunity to secure a copy of "Contending Forces" FREE, we have made a most remarkable offer, which appears in the front part of this magazine. In order to be sure of securing a copy of this book you should take advantage of this remarkable offer at once, as it may not appear again.

The new serial story which will begin in the April or May issue will be entitled "Winona." It is by Miss Hopkins,

and it is a dramatic tale of Negro life in the South and Southwest, in the period of our history preceding and following the emancipation.

Winona is a free child of mixed blood, stolen by unprincipled men and sold as a slave. Her rescue and restoration to her rightful home and fortune by a brave young Negro gives a thrilling story, filled with incidents of heroism for which many Negroes have been noted in our past history.

The publishers of The Colored American Magazine desire the names and addresses of all Music Instructors of Color, either in this country or in foreign lands. We have a proposition that will interest you. Address The Colored American Magazine (Music Department).

It is interesting, if not altogether grievous, to note that the Danish treaty provides for the handing over of the West Indian Islands without the consent of the governed.

Two thousand two hundred and fourteen Negroes including 235 women, have taken degrees from institutions of every sort. All have been self-supporting, and letters from half of them report an average assessed valuation of real estate of \$2500.

We shall begin the publication in our April or May issue, of some very beautiful specimens of amateur photography, taken by a lady of the race. At the same time we shall offer suitable prizes for the best photographs sent in to our office.

It will be a most liberal offer, and we trust that it will stimulate all the young men and women of the race who are in any way interested in photography to do their best.

Watch for the offer, and let there be a generous response from all parts of the country.

On account of illness it has been impossible for Mr. T. Gilbert Hazel to complete the article we announced from his pen for this issue, entitled "America's Indebtedness to Her Colored Citizens." However, Mr. Hazel has authorized us to state that the same will be ready in ample time for our April issue.

"Has the Negro any right which the white man is bound to respect?" Down in Tennessee not long since a Negro, president of a Negro college, and graduate of a college which formerly admitted Negroes, but does not now, was given, by the trustees of latter, in recognition of his eminent services for the education of his race, an honorary degree. When he went to the commencement of his own college to take the degree, voted to him by the trustees, he was informed that the safest place for him, was in some other locality and if he appeared at the exercises, he could expect to congratulate himself if he got off with nothing worse than a hail storm of rotten eggs. He was a wise colored clergyman, and he did not put in an appearance, and, therefore forfeited his degree.

Governor Taft was questioned recently concerning slavery in the Philippines, by members of the House insular committee at Washington. He said the number of slaves who had been manumitted was comparatively small. Asked if the dato could enforce the death penalty against slaves, Governor Taft answered that he could, after a trial. The governor said polygamy was confined to the datos and head men. As to the proposed new coinage law, Governor Taft said he thought the adoption of the American financial system in the islands would be disastrous by bringing about sudden changes. He favored three Philippine delegates to Congress, representing the

three great tribes or elements of the Filipinos.

Mr. Theodore Drury of New York City has announced a special performance of Gounod's opera, "Faust" (in English), to be given at the Lexington Opera House, New York City, on May 5, 1902.

Mr. Drury, realizing the shortcomings in many respects in the past performances, feels that they will be in a measure atoned for this season. That the performance this year will be infinitely superior goes without saying, as he has engaged the celebrated baritone, George L. Ruffin of Boston, and Miss C. Marie Rovelto of Providence; the charming voice and personality of the latter will surely be a delight to New Yorkers. Special attention will be given to the ballet in the second act, in which a professional Premiere Danseuse will be introduced. A first-class professional orchestra and conductor have been engaged. The stage will be under the management of the celebrated Rudolphi-Duering. The costumes will be furnished by one of the leading costumers of New York City.

Governor Taft's explanation of the failure to extirpate human slavery within the "jurisdiction" of the United States was made the more interesting by his remark that the slaves do not understand the advantages of liberty. Had that theory been always acted upon the whole world would now be more than half slave. It is and always has been the classic excuse of the slaveholder to say just what Governor Taft did.

How many of our "up from slavery" congressmen have had their deportment so opened to criticism as our friends (?) from South Carolina? Let each state see to it that their representatives, either in the Senate or the House, combine the strictest import of the word, whether they be black or white. Tilman should remember that he represents some of the most cultured people of both races, whose sensibilities are as refined as any nobility, and such blackguardism is deeply deplored by their sense of culture.